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EVENTS DEADLINE. Information relative to forthcoming events in the West must be received **TWO MONTHS** prior to the event. Address envelopes to Events Editor, Desert Magazine, Palm Desert, California 92260.

JACK PEPPER, *Publisher*

CHORAL PEPPER, *Editor*

Elta Shively
Executive Secretary

Al Merryman
Staff Artist

Rose Holly
Circulation

Marvel Barrett
Business

Lois Dougan
Subscriptions

Desert Magazine, Palm Desert, Calif. 92260 Telephone 346-8144

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By Choral Pepper

Editor of DESERT Magazine

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Menus are excellent, recipes simple, yet out of the ordinary. If you never try a single one, it's fun reading and should spark a party idea or two of your own. Rocky Mountain News, Denver, Colorado.

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ARIZONA PAGEANT

*By Madeline Ferrin Pare and
Bert Fireman*

Here is a concise history of our 48th state, Arizona, written in clean, factual language. It covers the geology, Indians, missions, mines, outlaws, ranches, legends and the men who made them. Maps and illustrations, both historic and current, are excellent and there's a helpful chronology of Arizona's history covering the prehistoric period, the Spanish period, Mexican period and American period which will be of great help to researchers.

The authors did a remarkable job in boiling all this down without losing the excitement of Arizona's colorful history. It should be on every Arizona bookshelf. Hardcover, 336 pages, \$4.00.

FIESTAS MEXICANAS Menus and Recipes

*By Eleanor Ringland and
Lucy Winston*

There are many recipes we call Mexican which have undergone so much Americanization that any cook south of the border wouldn't recognize them as having sprung from a native dish. Actually, some native Mexican dishes have been improved upon in our Yankee kitchens, but there are still those, jealously guarded by Mexican gourmets, which are prepared to celebrate festive occasions and which have been served without variation for several hundred years only because they are perfect when prepared according to tradition. This book interprets such recipes for Americans. With these step-by-step instructions, any cook from Maine to Oregon will be able to celebrate an authentic Mexican Fiesta, confident that the ingredients are available from any supermarket.

Mexican fiestas are informal. In the upper-class houses of Mexico, the food

is typically French, not Mexican, according to these authors, but the foods of the poor people are imaginative and their special fiesta fare is worthy of any informal occasion. They do wonderful things with chicken and there are some interesting salad ideas. *Ensalada de Coloflor*, for instance, which combines chilled, cooked cauliflower bits, avocado cubes, tomato, chopped onion, lettuce and an oil and vinegar type dressing.

Hardcover, 78 pages, illustrated with line drawings. \$2.95.

HOW TO RETIRE IN MEXICO

on \$2.47 a day

By Eugene Woods

This is the best bit of information we've ever read for 95c! Rather than a post-retirement plan, the author presents a pre-retirement way of life. The idea is that while you're young and productive you pick out a favorite below-the-border spot, where living is easy and inexpensive, and start building up a retirement residence. Mr. Wood suggests the beach at La Mision near Ensenada as an ideal place. It's close enough to San Diego to provide cultural and shopping expeditions, it's located on a superb beach which makes it an ideal vacation spot during the years you're getting ready to retire, and it's close to points of interest once you finally ground yourself there.

Judging from the Mexican mainland coverage in his book, however, the author hasn't remained grounded for long. Both it and the Baja peninsula is discussed in detail, from a retirement point of view, but the result is about as good a travel book as you're likely to find.

Fun to read and informative, the book is a good dream stimulator and will no doubt do big things for Mexican real estate. Investment and tax saving possibilities are discussed, along with other practical considerations any American retiree to Mexico would want to know about. Whether you'll ever do it or not, you'll enjoy reading about this man and his wife who are actively enjoying the experience right now. Paperback, 126 pages, 95c.

THE PAINTED ROCKS

By Josephine True

Here is a soft cover book reproduced from typewritten copy which might escape your attention. It is written by a "pioneer" of the Coachella Valley who built a little cabin on the bare desert of Cathedral City thirty years ago when Palm Springs was only a village. These reminiscences are exactly as transcribed at that time and have not been up-dated. Mrs. True writes of mail time, that suspenseful moment while letters were being sorted in the country postoffices. She tells of desert Indian friends, horseback rides into Palm Canyon, old-timers who left their permanent marks on the desert. She writes of desert wildlife and plantlife, the delicacy of mesquite honey, a Hungarian cobbler who made semi-annual treks through the desert to repair everyone's shoes. This is a poignant book of memories which will be appreciated by all who live in the Coachella Valley today and wonder what it was like before a population moved in. Illustrated with a few photographs, 136 pages, \$1.95.

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SUCCESSFUL MINERAL COLLECTING AND PROSPECTING

By Richard Pearl

For some time now we've been looking for a good weekend prospector's book with practical information written in a layman's language. This is it.

Illustrated with full color and black and white illustrations, the book discusses the art of mineral finding, denotes those of highest value, tells how to pan for gold, how to evaluate what you've found and, then, how to stake a claim. It goes into gemology, the study of precious stones, and covers quartz mineral and rocks along with their resources in fifty states.

There is a very good bibliography, with just one mistake. DESERT Magazine is listed as suggested reading, but both the publisher's name and the yearly subscription rates are incorrect! We'll overlook that, though, to heartily endorse this book for rock hounds and amateur prospectors. Large format, 164 pages. \$2.95.

Best-West Publications

PUEBLO OF THE HEARTS

By John Upton Terrell

(Author of "Journey into Darkness")

"Pueblo of the Hearts" is the story of a small Opata Indian Village in Sonora. The first European to visit the pueblo was Cabeza de Vaca. Later Fray Marcos Estevancio, Melchior Diaz, and Coronado used the town in their frontier explorations. For a brief moment in history, Pueblo de los Coranzones was an important outpost in the exploration of the American Southwest. The author is one of the leading research historians of the West. Just published.

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EARLY CALIFORNIA COOKING TREASURES by Ed Ainsworth. The author's Western Barbecue Cookbook, published in 1949 in conjunction with the late Bill Magee, has long been out of print and is a collector's item. This new book, revised by Ainsworth contains hundreds of outdoor cooking discoveries made by Magee and other famous western barbecue chefs. Illustrated by Clyde Forsythe.

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BROOMS OF MEXICO by Alvin Gordon. Delightful free-verse by one who has spent a quarter of a century in Mexico. Author of "Our Son Pablo" and "Inherit the Earth." More than 50 water colors by the fascinating Arizona artist Ted De Grazia. 48 heavy art pages.

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LOST DESERT BONANZAS by Eugene Conrotto. A compilation of a quarter of a century of lost mine facts and maps from the pages of Desert Magazine.

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DESERT WEIRDIE

by Vi Chamberlain

ONE OF THE
RAREST PLANTS
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THE MOST amazing plant in the world may well be the solitary member of the Welwitschia family, a desert plant!

A specimen of this astonishing form of life was obtained in 1963 by Dr. Lyman Benson, Professor and Head of the Department of Botany, Pomona College, at Claremont, California.

Welwitschia grows intermittently over an area several hundred miles long in Portuguese West Africa and South West Africa in the Namib Desert about 30 to 50 miles inland from the Atlantic Coast.

The plant is rare, but it may grow abundantly in a few locations within its confines. The region where it is found is one of the most remote spots in the world and one of the driest deserts. Rain-fall averages about one-half inch per year, but for several years in a row there may be no rain.

Octopus-like, Welwitschia thrives with only two leaves. These grow to about six to eight feet long and a foot or up to four feet wide. The leaves split into ribbons, appearing to swish about the stem in serpentine fashion like the head of a devouring monster. The stem is usually one to two, but sometimes four feet, across but only about six inches tall above ground.

The one sent to Pomona College weighed about 51 pounds. The female plant bears egg-sized red cones; the male bears smaller pollen cones.

The plant is one of the show pieces of South West Africa. "It is doubtful if the plant has any specific value to man," Dr. Benson advises, "although the Hottentots in the region may have found a use for it."

Through the courtesy of the South West Africa Publicity and Tourist Association and the government of Southwest Africa, Dr. Benson cleared several obstacles to bring this rare plant to the United States. His interest in the desert, however, goes back into his past history. His grandfather, Anderson Benson, was one of the hardy, adventurous '49ers who discovered Death Valley.

Dr. Benson carries on the pioneering instinct in contributing the specimen of Welwitschia, (remotely related to pines and firs) so that we may learn more of desert plants. As he says, "There is nothing else quite like it!" □



The Shrine of Alihihiani

by Lee Lucas

THE LAND of the Papago Indian begins at the edge of the fertile cotton fields of Casa Grande and spreads southward into the Arizona desert. A silent, sparse land dotted with tall saguaro, low bushes and gnarled mesquite trees, it has changed little with the coming of the white men.

A handful of trading posts have been established, schools have been erected and roads built, but still the Papago hold fast to the old ways. Their reservation is one of the few remaining places where the fugitive coyote can roam unmolested.

Deep within the reservation, in a sandy wash, is the Shrine of Alihihiani. It would go unnoticed were it not for the large grey mounds of discarded ocotillo branches that lay beside the well.

At some time in the distant past, so the story is told, water suddenly gushed from a hole in the ground. The sparkling water flowed and flowed without ceasing, and soon it began to flood the land. Villages were in danger of being washed away, but still the water rushed up from the well. Chiefs and medicine men solemnly conferred around the campfires. At last they reached a decision. The people of the villages must bring some of their children to be sacrificed, the chief said, for the gods were angered and the terrible flow of water could only be stopped by sacrifice.

Several children were chosen and told

that they were going to a better land. After being prepared for the ceremony, they were thrown into the well, to their deaths.

Suddenly white doves fluttered up from the depths of the well. The onlookers were filled with fear and regret, for surely this must be a sign from the gods, showing displeasure. The Indians vowed that from that day forth they would never again sacrifice a child. The well was heaped over with huge slabs of granite. Ocotillo branches were stuck into the ground, enclosing the shrine.

Each and every year, ocotillo branches are pulled up and a new enclosure is built. The builders are always careful to leave four openings for the souls of the children to pass through. The exact date, when the new enclosures are built, is a well-kept secret that even the most modern of Papagos will not reveal.

Children on their way home from school have been observed placing offerings on the stone slabs that cover the well. Sometimes it's a few pennies; more often a handful of nuts or corn.

Legend or fact, who can say? But anyone who knows the desert knows, too, that ocotillo branches, when stuck into the ground, often sprout. In fact, dense living fences are grown by this method. But for some unexplainable reason, the ocotillo fence, erected anew each year around the shrine, refuses to send forth even as much as one sprout. □



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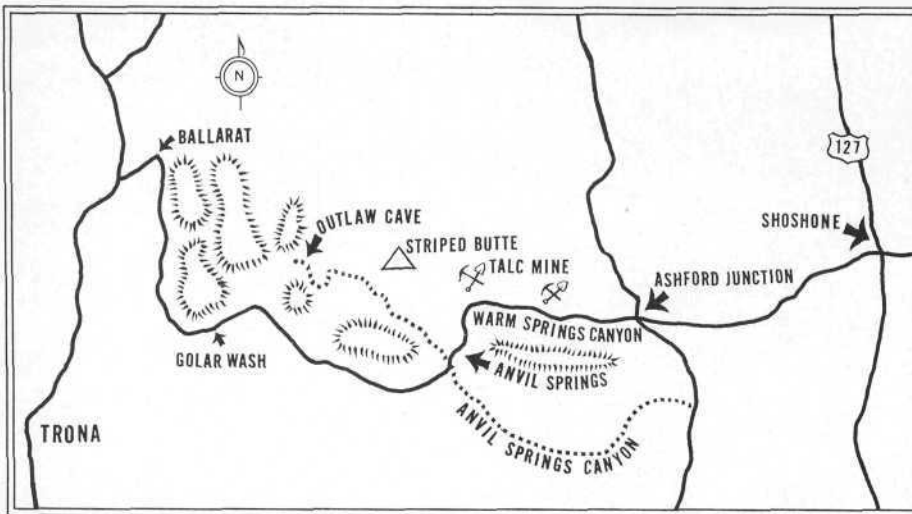
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The Beauty of Butte Valley

by Helen Walker



Outlaw Cave in Butte Valley.



The Striped Butte.



ON THE SUNRISE side of the Panamint Mountains lies Butte Valley—nonaggressive in its attitude, but bursting with intrigue and adventure. It's one of the few places in Death Valley, off the tourist trail, where conventional car campers and 4-wheel drivers may share the same back country.

Vehicles with 4-wheel drive can enter Butte Valley by the way of Golar Wash, 15 miles south of Ballarat. This tight, high walled canyon is sometimes called "a waterfall." It consists of four twisting rock steps in a distance of about 200 yards—not dangerous, but a real challenge to both vehicle and driver. Conventional cars and campers find an equally interesting, but less strenuous, way into the valley from Ashford Junction, 25 miles west of Shoshone. This maintained dirt road travels through Warm Springs Canyon, past the two currently operating zeolite talc mines, and winds on to Anvil Springs, where both roads meet.

Pinpointed for some distance by a lone Cottonwood tree, Anvil Springs offers cool shade, water to wash with, and a chance to stretch your legs while you make plans. The rock cabin on a shelf just above the spring has for many years been a landmark. Known to some as the Geology Shack, and to others as the Rock House, it provided a pleasant place to camp until the privilege was abused by dirty campers. Now its door is padlocked.

Roads in Butte Valley, like fingers stretching from your hand, dart from the spring in all directions. Then, like Jacob's ladder, they are inter-laced with a pattern of roads. Some lead to abandoned mines



The Rock House above Anvil Springs.

or old cabin sites, others just dead-end in canyons. Over the years we have traveled most of them.

If you stay on the rutted dirt road running northeast of the spring and curl in and out of a maze of grotesquely shaped boulders you'll eventually come to the only evidence left of an old gold stamp mill built by Carl Mengel in the 1890s. According to history, the construction material was purchased in Los Angeles, and hauled over Goler Wash by mule team. Continuing further down this road, you'll spot a huge key rock with a yellow dot which marks a natural hideout known as Outlaw Cave. Here an empty

Wells Fargo safe was found some years ago. Occupied today by pack rats, the cave still makes an excellent spot to camp or just poke around.

Another trail is marked Redlands Canyon, strictly a 4-wheel-drive route. After about seven miles along a rocky stream bed it becomes impassable for any type vehicle. A short walk beyond brings you to a 40-foot dry fall, Manly Falls, which prevents this from being a through passage to Searles Lake. Some people believe this was the route William Manly and John Rogers, scouts for the Bennett-Arcne party of '49ers, took out of Death Valley to search for help and supplies.

Next is a humble excuse of a road, overgrown with brush, which will give you a closer look at Striped Butte. Eroded sandstone stripes of burnt reds, yellows, oranges and greys sprinkled with the diamond-like brilliance of Halite is a mystery of nature. Why this jagged sedimentary peak with its colorful sandstone striations was thrust up from a non-sedimentary valley floor always perplexes us.

The further you venture into Butte Valley the more you will find to whet your curiosity. Like us, you'll hurry from the city every weekend to return again and again. □

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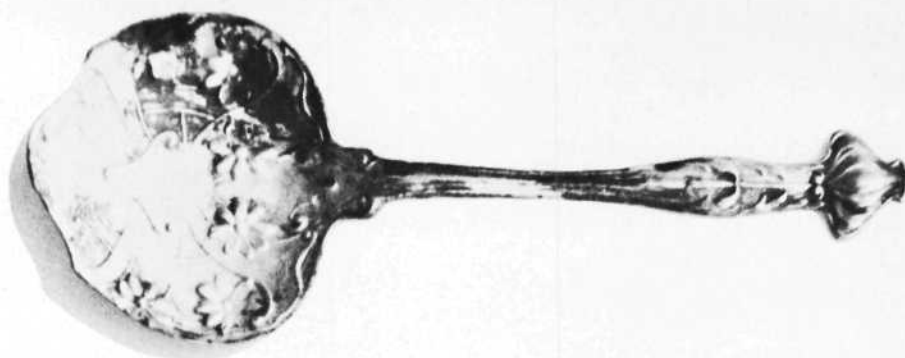
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Out Diggin'

MY WIFE, Noni, and I have searched many Nevada ghost towns, always seeking old dumps rather than interesting cabin fixtures. We do not molest history, even in isolated areas. We couldn't feel enriched by removing something other adventurers haven't yet seen.

But sifting old refuse or excavating beneath trash is something else. Casually discarded bottles lie in such shrouds; primitive kitchen items with mysterious uses, or specimens of a lost art in bronze jewelry may be recovered.

Co-incident with old cinder heaps, we occasionally find lost coins which have surfaced through the action of the elements, but more often it is necessary to

screen for them as time has given them a patina which makes them all but invisible in their burial grounds.

Recently an adulating heap of ancient cinders attracted us. I have a theory that old clothing, discarded and burned, often contained forgotten money pieces. Buttons are the clues which indicate clothing, so while checking the heap for them, I noticed something else glinting in the sun. At first I thought it a brass screw which somehow hadn't darkened, but when it toppled from its upright position, it was an 1841 "O" gold piece! Bottle seekers of my acquaintance have visited this place. I'm sure they've stepped over this valuable find. The secret of my success lies in examining the cinder heaps ignored by others.





by Terry Raul du Pont III

By following this same theory, I discovered eight darkened silver dollars in another pile of cinders between Love-lock and Seven Troughs. Slightly west of this area I also picked up an odd brass compact. Something inside rattled, so I put it in my bottle bucket to carry home. Several days later I got around to prying it part way open. When I saw a gleam of gold, I called for Noni. She had to finish the job; I was too excited. Amid some odd brownish-pink powder lay an 1867 \$20 gold piece!

In digging for bottles at Fallon's Rattlesnake Dump, my bottle fork exposed a cold cream jar of milk glass. Its modern screw top disinterested me, but, fortunately, I shook the jar. To our astonishment, it contained 27 Indian head pennies. More gratifying, no two dates were alike!

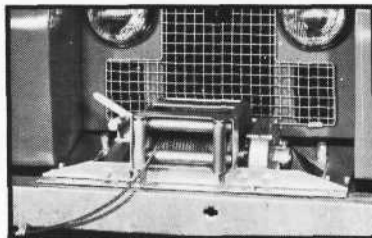
What I thought to be a quarter, discovered in the Battle Mountain area, turned out to be a bronze medal to "Old Zach" (Zachary Taylor), "President of the United States, 1849 to 1850." His military history filled the reverse side: another rare find.

Individual pennies have ranged from values of \$29 down to \$2. We've found old dimes with extraordinary price tags and nickles and quarters worth scores more than their face values. And through it all, it's pleasurable to note that these finds are enriching our memories if not, someday, our purse. We haven't followed any rainbows, but in the blackened embers of the past we've found a pot of gold. It is waiting there for you, too. □



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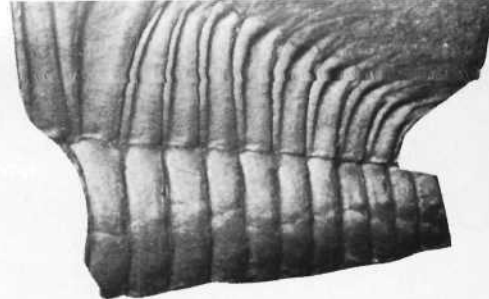
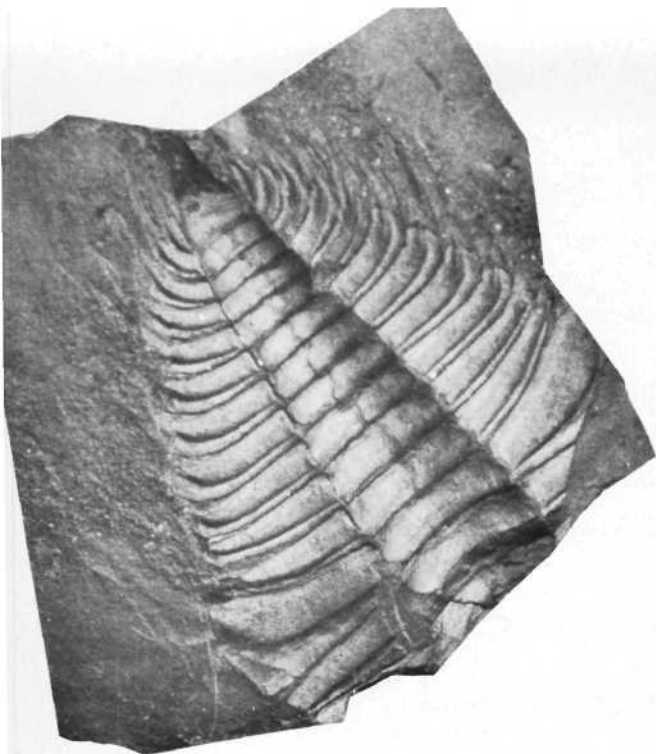
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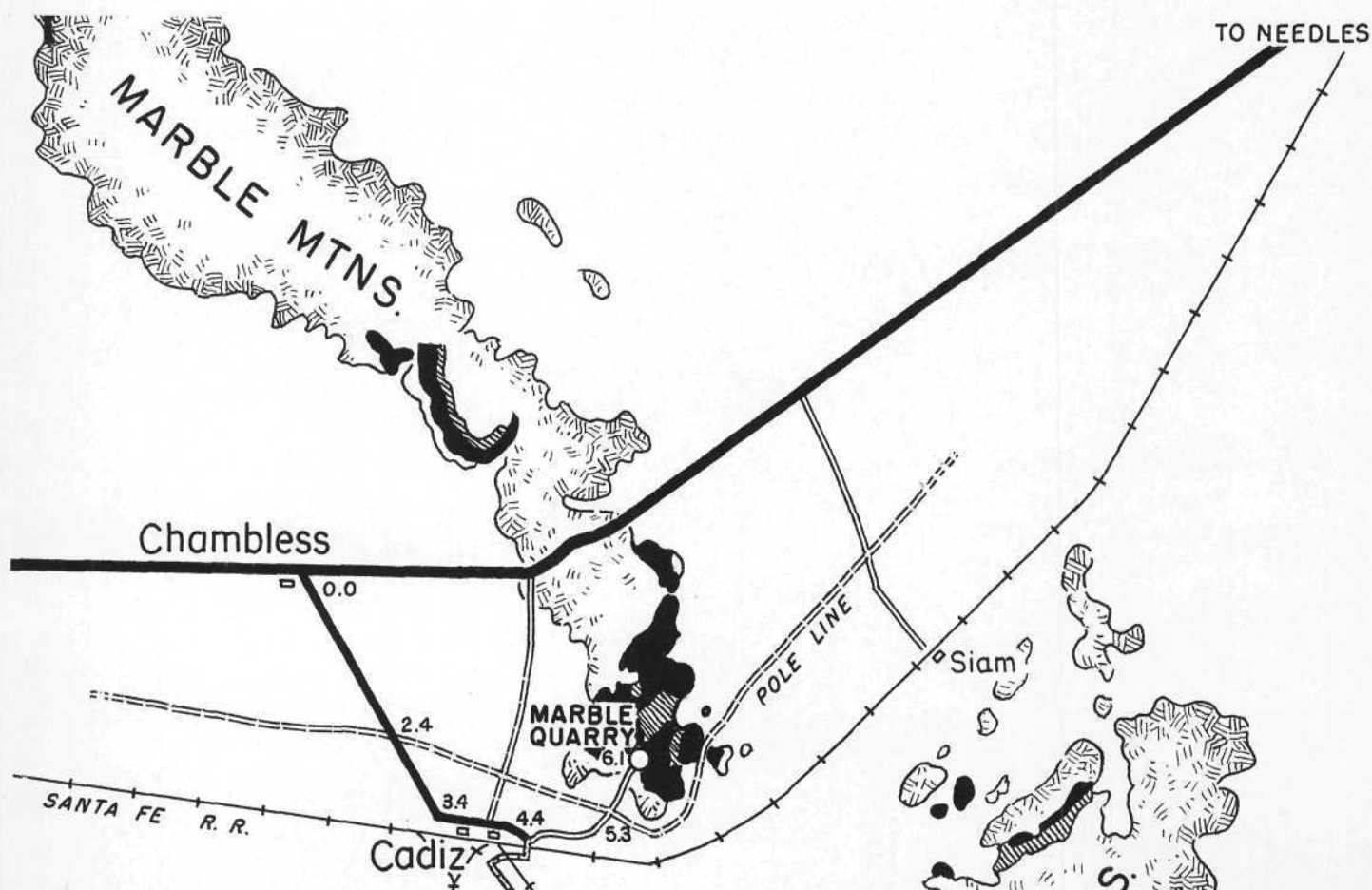


Dig Those Trilobites!

THE CADIZ fossil hunters love isn't in Spain; it sleeps here in the United States. More specifically, Cadiz is a small town in the Eastern Mohave Desert on the main line of the Santa Fe Railroad at its junction with the Phoenix branch through Parker, Arizona. Cadiz is memorable for two reasons: one, it's just about as hot a place as you'll find in the great Southwest; two, it's an amateur paleontologists paradise.

The reason for its particular appeal to fossil hunters goes back about 500,000,000 years, when a bay of considerable proportions blanketed what is now geologically speaking, the Bengal triangle. This ancient "Bay of Bengal" was shallow. Its waters were muddy and turbulent

by Stanley Demes





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due to swift rushing streams depositing mud from surrounding highlands onto the bay floor.

Under this carpet of muddy water crawled one of father time's most ancient creatures, the trilobite. As do many of today's creatures, it molted. With each molting, the trilobite left another carapace upon the mud at the bottom of the bay. And, as geologic time advanced, each carapace became a fossil.

Today the panorama around Cadiz has changed. Now, Cadiz is a sun-tortured desert fringed to the north by the Southern Marble mountains. Around sunset there is nothing more beautiful than these mountains. They rise from the desert like huge masses of banded agate—a symphony of pinks, browns, reds and purples.

Lithologically, the Marble mountains have four separate rock formations. At the bottom, of pre-Cambrian age, is granite. Lying noncomfortably upon this granite substrate is a resistant quartzitic sandstone. Atop this is a layer of grayish-green to red shale which weathers rapidly into small jagged fragments. In this shale are the trilobite families, *Olenellus* and *Paedeumias*.

For ten years, on and off, I have trekked to the Marble mountains in search of these primitive fossils. On my first occasion as a "loner" I went there in mid-

August. The temperature was a torrid 120 degrees, and the shades of the combined store and service station at Chambless, were pulled for the afternoon siesta. As another fossil hunter once told me "Lady Godiva might dash by and those shades would still be drawn." On the initial fossil trip into the Mohave, I got trilobites and sunstroke. When I staggered into my motel room later that evening, my tongue thick and my brain light, I made a solemn vow never to travel desert trails in summer. All desert travelers might profit from my experience. Believe me, only one of Satans finest could escape with impunity from a hot dig during summer months in the Marbles.

My last trip to the Marbles was several weeks ago. My companion on the trip was Frank Ludwig, computer programmer from Autonetics, Space System Division, in Downey. Fresh from feeding data into the maw of a computer analyzing developments of the Saturn, second stage rocket, Frank clearly was chaffing at the bit. To me, this was understandable. If there is anything in this world Frank likes, it's a trilobite. Further, the only trilobite types of any value are those to be found in the Marble mountains. It is my earnest opinion, if Frank got married, he would not take his bride to Niagara Falls; he would take her to Cadiz.

From Fullerton to Cadiz is a drive some six hours. I talk little, Frank talks less. The only bit of conversation I remember on the entire trip to Cadiz was my suggestion to Frank that we stop for coffee at Twentynine Palms. We talked a little more on the way back—you know the topic—trilobites!

Like walruses returning to a familiar, seasonal spot in the Pribilofs, we unerringly found the fossil locality. On this occasion, I decided to stick close to Frank; where he went looking for fossils, I would park nearby. My reason for letting my friend be "trail boss" was logical. Frank had been digging at Cadiz every weekend for over six months. Surely he would know where the trilobite was most abundant. My friend scrambled nimbly up the side of a rock-studded incline about 100 yards to the northwest and overlooking the most commonly used diggings. As we dug silently about 15 yards apart, roughly parallel to one another and clawing at the same bank of shale, my first analysis was that Frank might have picked a better spot. Thirty minutes later, however, when my first *Paedeumias* headshield tumbled from the shale, my pulse quickened. Maybe following Autonetics great gift to the Apollo program had been a wise thing after all. It was. Time and time again, as my pick bit purposefully into the shale, huge hunks of finely layered shale would be removed. Deft work with geologist's hammer and chisel uncovered many fine examples of trilobite fauna.

Probably my luckiest strike occurred just after a candy bar had given my pick a little more authority. The pick bounced from the shale bank and gave a dull metallic ring. Repeatedly I bludgeoned the difficult shale; nothing happened. Just when my hands were beginning to numb and my patience dissolve, a portion of the shale bank fell. Revealed in all its pristine glory was a piece of gray algal limestone decorated with a fine trilobite. How that limestone fragment got mixed with the shale I'll never know. Never had I heard of a trilobite being found in this particular limestone formation! For the remainder of the afternoon, paleontologically speaking, I was digging cloud 9.

Around 3:00 PM the sun deserted the canyon. Donning our jackets couldn't erase the penetrating cold. So we packed up our gear, and heavily laden, shuffled down the hill. Driving home, we were probably the most contented fossil hunters in the world. I had found the biggest *Olenellus*; Frank's fine *Paedeumias* had no peer. □



"There's an old Indian legend about these two."

The Devil's Punchbowl

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIANS are prone to return from vacation trips with spectacular photographs of natural bridges and arches taken in colorful country far from home. Little do many of us know that a fine specimen of a natural bridge lies in our own backyard.



On the south side of Antelope Valley, just out of Pearlblossom, is the new county park, the Devil's Punchbowl. It is appropriately named, for here the pink and tan rocks have compressed, folded, broken and faulted since they were deposited about 13 million years ago. The San Andreas earthquake fault is the main cause, although three other major faults and well over 10 minor ones have been identified.

There are numerous vantage points from around the park headquarters and, for the hardy, a trail leads down into the bowl where you might be lucky enough to find fossil remains of one of the three-toed horses, ancient skunks, primitive camels or tiny antelope which roamed this land long ago.

Here is a good place for city-confined muscles to stretch and smog-filled lungs to breathe. □



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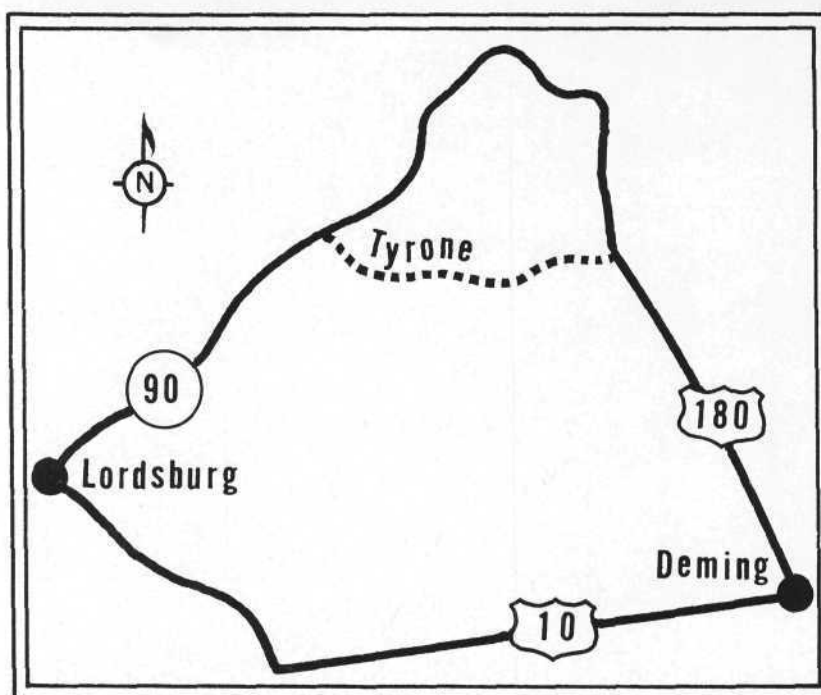
THE *Desert* MAGAZINE

Palm Desert, California 92260

**You'll never find
another ghost town
like this!**

THE ENCHANTED GHOST

by Larry Spain



BACK WHEN you could buy a Ford runabout for around \$400, a remarkable city was rising in the remote Burro Mountains of southwestern New Mexico.

The city was Tyrone—either an experiment in humanitarian planning, or the result of a strange whim.

You have the feeling, on your first visit to Tyrone, that you have wandered into some Rod Serling town that got lost in time. Or, if you find the fables coming easily to mind, you may see a Sleeping Beauty waiting for a Prince Charming.

Either description fits this extraordinary desert-mountain Utopia, which is often referred to as "the West's most luxurious ghost town."

Having feasted your eyes, you want to know the story behind this almost-deserted mining camp that is like no other such camp in existence.

Time, the elements and vandals have wrought havoc with most of these fascinating segments of Americana, these crumbling old shrines to a glorious and often violent era—an era that built a nation.

Yet if you are a ghost town buff, you quickly note that these destroyers have touched lightly here, and only the soft patina of age shows. For Tyrone is the most unique ghost extant. It is neither

as old as most ghost towns, nor as historically flamboyant. It produced no great private fortunes, being owned by a large mining company, and memories of it are cherished only by those who lived and worked here.

Built in 1915 by Phelps-Dodge at a cost of more than a million dollars, Tyrone was destined for a short life, being abandoned in 1921 when World War I ended and copper prices toppled. Copper built it, and copper broke it. But for six wonderful years when copper was king, Tyrone was the undisputed queen of the mining camps.

Ghost towns invariably have legends, and Tyrone has hers. But it doesn't concern a fabulous character or a bonanza strike; instead, her legend is the great "why" of her enormous construction cost—when she could have been built for a fraction of it. The reason for the magnificence of her buildings and appointments; the reason why those hard-headed Phelps-Dodge businessmen plumped for such a sum on a wholly problematical venture, is the legend of Tyrone. We'll touch on this later.

What the visitor sees when he tops the last rise on the fine gravel road leading from Highway 180, is a large plaza flanked on two sides by impressive buildings right out of a San Juan Capistrano setting. Great sweeping arches over long colonnades march past the building fronts and wander from one facility to

another in a maze of curving grandeur. All the buildings are roofed in red tile. Lacy desert trees thrust themselves through rents in the masonry and some of the huge show windows are gaping or boarded up, but these marks of abandonment do not detract from the overall impression of a little Spanish town from another time. If one is a bit romantic, it is easy to visualize, by looking at the pastel-tinted columns, an old Maxfield Parrish calendar by simply adding the blue haze and a few dancing girls.

The first-time visitor stares in amazement. He came to see a "ghost town," but he is confronted with an architectural dream!

High on the hill, 1000 feet above the plaza, he may glimpse, small with distance but sharply defined in the icy-clear atmosphere, several charming Spanish houses, arched and tile roofed, and perhaps a car or two climbing the winding road.

He has entered town from the east. On the left stands the handsome Mercantile Building, its two stories topped by a stately tower, its facade embellished by an iron-grilled balcony and ornate stone carving. The Mercantile, he learns, was a big department store that provides every human need—even to its own undertaker! The Spanish tiled mezzanine overlooked the spacious main floor and was reached by an elevator and a grand staircase, both long since gone.



The Old Trading Post as seen from the Mercantile Building.

The "desert Wanamaker's" was probably the nation's first shopping center, for its plan is similar to many such centers today. It sold everything from calico to coffins, and shoppers were never exposed to the elements. Cool, shady, colonnades protected those who window shopped, and these tours were made more pleasant by planters exhibiting exotic flowers and dwarfed trees, twinkling fountains and an exquisite patio lifted from a Spanish don's hacienda. In recent years, various city malls—notably that in Pomona, California—have adopted a similar motif to beautify and add comfort to shopping areas.

The Merc even had those little metal carriers of money and sales slips which sped along singing wires between the office and the various departments.

Adjacent are the original post office, several little shops, and the beautiful \$100,000 railroad station, which any city would have been proud to own. In its beamed and tiled waiting room are marble benches which had underneath hot-air heating. Trains backed into the station and warehouse siding to reduce noise and smoke to a minimum, the engines never getting closer than a quarter-mile of town. There were no visible smoke stacks. All furnace fumes were





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air-forced through underground ducts and exhausted beyond the town limits.

On the opposite side of the plaza are the Grecian columns of the Burro Mountain Mining Company building, which still contains antique office machines (circa 1915) in good working condition. Nearby are the present post office (the only active business in town), the bank, and the small Phelps-Dodge office, all located in the Old Trading Post. The Post once housed several independent retail stores—a smart stunt on the part of the company; workers could not complain that they were forced to buy at the company stores. The upper floor was occupied by a 5,000-volume library and several public meeting rooms.

A mile from town and standing alone on a pristine hilltop is the old T. S. Parker Hospital, a roosting place for bats now but once one of the most modern medical centers of its day. It had several innovations. For example, the entire building was indirectly lighted—a new concept then. The walls of the two operating rooms were painted a cool green, also a new idea; and some of the first ventilated operating lights to be used in this country were installed here. There was an interphone system by which patients could converse with one another in different wards, an air-conditioned X-ray room, and a pharmacy which featured a unique drug filling system that enabled nurses to dispense drugs from coded bins—not a bottle in sight. There were knee-operated washstands, heated food carts, "fireless" cookers, sunken bathtubs, and a self-operating elevator.

When the Arizona Pioneer Museum in Phoenix began a search for early day medical equipment of the "advanced" type, they found it in Tyrone and acquired a large selection of these items for permanent display.

Tyrone's Justice Court stands in a live oak grove west of the plaza, its windows boarded up as if to keep the curious from peeking in at its three barred cells and the quaint little courtroom that would strike the fancy of a Perry Mason.

Across the road is the tiny chapel, with its stubby tower and bell which summoned people of all faiths to worship. Its bell has long hung silent.

Encinal Street vanished many years ago, but once it was lined on both sides by modern apartments for the Mexican workers—the first mining camp ever to provide "luxury" housing for its laborers.

In 1921, when mines were shutting down all over the country, Cleland Dodge came to Tyrone to deliver the sad news of the mine's closing. The workers met him in the plaza and volunteered to accept a 25% wage cut if he could keep the mine going.

This was impossible, but it shows how the people (there were more than 4,000 of them) felt about their fine little town. Life had been good here. The idea of moving to another camp, where gracious living conditions would not exist, was intolerable. Tyrone was the only mining camp that never had shabby "company" houses for its workers, there was no "outside plumbing," no saloons nor brothels. The town had been planned for modern family living and there were strict regulations for maintaining peace and order.

Why all this for a copper camp? All such camps were jerry-built, with meager accommodations for their workers. All such camps were for the sole purpose of extracting the earth's riches at the lowest cost. Phelps-Dodge was an industrial giant even 50 years ago. It was no different from other mining companies. It could not be accused of wasting company funds on frills, or pampering its employees.

Then what prompted the PD people to squander a fortune on Tyrone? Was it the desire to try a new experiment, create a workingmans' paradise.

Hardly. More likely it was a woman, the most persuasive and domineering influence around anybody's conference table. In this case, it was Mrs. James Douglas and her "dream city" that must have caused these down-to-earth unsentimental men to forsake old policy and sink a staggering sum on a whim.

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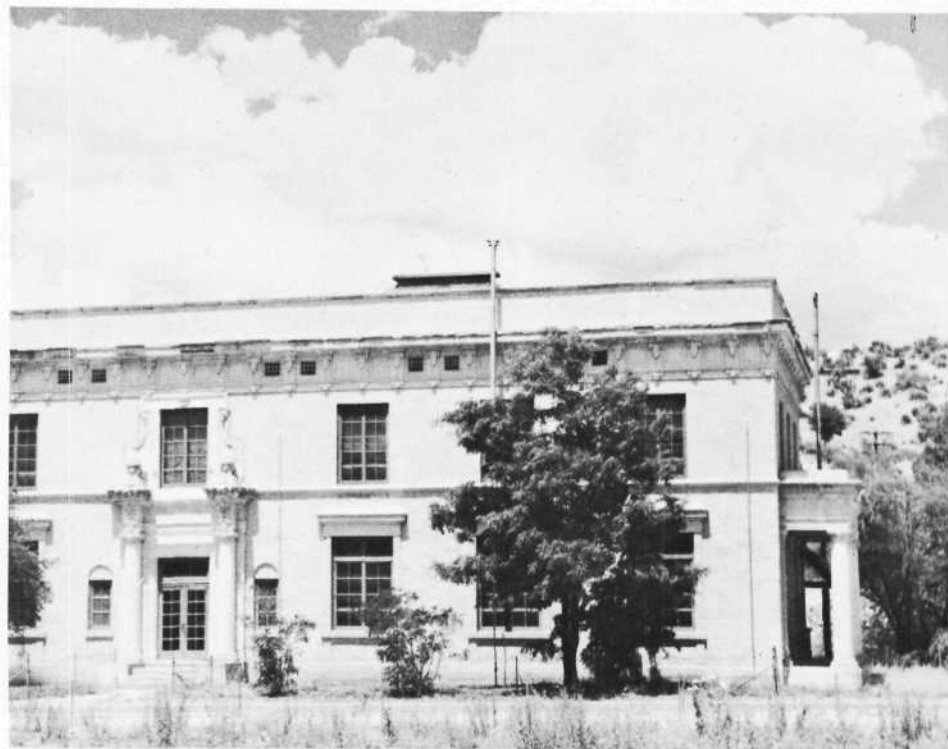
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Mrs. Douglas was the daughter-in-law of Dr. James Douglas, pioneer copper and railroad promoter and dominant figure in the development of extensive PD interests. The lady probably visited the Tyrone mine site, was captivated by the grandeur of the mountains, and had her vision. Maybe what she visualized was a monument—to herself! She drew the original sketches for the town. They must have been good, and her arguments even better, for when she

called for a city complete in itself, with a grand hotel, club house, two churches and an opera house, among others. The latter five never got off the drawing board because of wartime curtailment of building materials.

One wonders, upon viewing the splendid remains of Tyrone, what the town would look like today if Goodhue's plan had been carried out to the last detail. Still, what went up, and still exists, is marvelous to behold.



The handsome Burro Mountain Mining Company building contains office machines in good working order, although built in 1915.

insisted that the very expensive Bertram G. Goodhue be hired to produce the final architectural plans, it was done.

Goodhue's specialty was pseudo-Gothic and Romanesque, as exemplified in his design for several buildings at West Point, St. Thomas Church in New York City, the National Academy of Science in Washington, D.C., and many others. Several years before Tyrone, Goodhue spent a vacation in Mexico where he became enamored with the Spanish Mission or Mexican Colonial type of architecture. When he was commissioned to design most of the buildings for the Panama-California International Exposition of 1915 in San Diego, the Old Monterrey influence was predominant. The Exposition, and later Tyrone, launched the Mission vogue which swept the Southwest in the 1920s, and hasn't quit to this day.

Goodhue's master plan for Tyrone

Although the town was forced to join the host of ghost towns, it did not long remain a ghost. Now and then a traveler would see the sign and turn in on the smooth gravel road. He would be duly astonished by the old plaza, then drive up the hill and past the three dozen or so beautiful houses. One of these early comers, struck by the beauty of a certain casa, importuned the PD company to let him rent it, and they consented. He had his pick of handsome two-bedroom houses, a couple of duplexes, and even two huge split level monsters with four and five bedrooms. All are painted in warm shades, copper screened, and weather-stripped. All are completely modern, although built a half century ago. Built to endure.

The first renter came about 30 years ago, and is still here. Others followed, until today there are 42 residents, some retired, a few artists and writers, includ-

ing your reporter, and a handful who commute daily to jobs in Silver City (10 miles away), Santa Rita and Hurley.

They live the remote life in these pinon and live oak-clad hills, where cool evening breezes drop the daytime temperatures to frosty levels every summer night; where winter snows, often 15 inches or more (for Tyrone lies at 6,000 feet, almost astride the Continental Divide), quickly melt under the unfailing daily sunshine.

There is a maintenance crew in constant attendance, providing a 24-hour watch against vandalism and free garbage pickup twice weekly. And for a novel note, Tyrone is the only ghost town with a TV cable to every home, bringing programs of all networks from stations in Tucson and El Paso.

When the last whistle blew and the final paycheck was handed out, the company ran a train to El Paso loaded with Mexican workers and a host of *minos* who had been born in Tyrone. Now and then one of these, in early middle-age, shows up wanting his birth certificate. The company can't supply these, but it can and does provide proof of birth to anyone whose father was a former Tyrone employee.

With proof of U.S. citizenship, the person leaves satisfied, after looking once again upon the hallowed place of his origin, now slumbering in genteel decay.

In 1941, the mine was reopened for a time, the ore extracted by the leaching process. But even with copper at an all-time high, due to the second World War, the venture proved unprofitable . . . and the old town went back to sleep. Occasionally, as at present, rumors of increased exploration by the PD company lead residents of the Silver City area to hope that the Tyrone mine will start up again. This is a constant threat to the peace of residents who would have to vacate their cozy low-rent homes if this occurred, to make room for new company personnel. That's the chance one takes living here.

But it's a remote chance. Old-timers are not much worried about whistles blowing again. They feel that this is "their" ghost town, and they want it to remain in its present somnolent state. Anything noisier than a coyote's yip causes consternation in the old town. They don't mind visitors, which are growing in number. But they want no commerce or industry to shatter the wonderful peace and quiet they've lived with for so long.

And a fellow can hardly blame them. □

new slant on the

Lost Santa Isabel Mission

by Choral Pepper

Editor of DESERT Magazine

I ALWAYS think of Heinrich Schliemann. Scholars the world over knew Homer's *Odyssey* was a myth. They knew the great Trojan wars were fiction; the city of Troy didn't even exist. Everyone was confident of that—except a nut named Heinrich Schliemann. So he worked hard to amass a fortune. Then he went to Greece and dug up Troy, right where Homer's myth said it was.

Scholars everywhere know that Baja California's lost Santa Isabel mission is a legend. They knew that in that arid land the Jesuits had such a tough time raising stock to feed their starving neophytes they had no time to accumulate secret wealth. They know the Jesuits were expelled by an edict from the King of Spain, executed so suddenly they couldn't possibly have moved any treasure to a hidden mission.

But just in case the scholars could be wrong, let's take a look at the facts.

In 1697 missionaries of the Jesuit order were deposited on the coast of the long skinny finger of Lower California that points south of the border between the Gulf of California and the Pacific Ocean. They had sailed from Mexico's mainland and landed at Loreto to establish colonies, christianize the savages and further exploration of the New World. After a chain of 20 missions had been successfully established, under great hardship over a period of 70 years, the King of Spain grew suspicious of the Jesuit power in New Spain and, without warning, expelled all priests of this order and replaced them with Franciscan priests.

Now, let's look at the myth. Rumors persisting these several hundred years claim that before the Jesuit priests were forcibly ejected from their chain of Baja California missions, they had carried treasures from these missions to a secret hid-

ing place which they'd constructed to serve this special purpose. The hiding place was a mission located on the desert side of the San Pedro Martir mountains at the base of an impassable cliff and it was named Santa Isabel. After the treasure was buried in its walls, according to legend, the entrance from the desert was blocked with a landslide, cacti was planted in the trail leading to it and all signs of its presence were destroyed. Walter Nordhoff's *Journey of the Flame* gives the best account of the legend.

Then there's a modern version believed by many treasure hunters. A Yaqui Indian, lost on his way to the mission Santa Maria, supposedly once came upon the lost mission. He reported that chaparral grew near its door, bells hung on a crossbar over it and to the rear were some natural water tanks, three large palm trees, arrowweed and tobacco plants. In our opinion this report lacks substance. Immediately upon revealing the secret location, the Yaqui Indian received the curse of the mission and dropped dead! So who would have dared repeat his tale? Certainly not a superstitious native.

The legend of the Santa Isabel mission, though, is logical. The royal decree to banish all Jesuit priests from New Spain and seize their property was read in Mexico City on June 24, 1767, but it wasn't until *five months* later, on November 30th, that Captain Portola entered the port of San Bernabe at the very tip of the 800-mile long Baja peninsula to begin the seizures. It's unlikely that the powerful Jesuit order didn't have spies both in the courts of Spain and in Mexico City to give them adequate warning. Tension with the crown had been boiling for a number of years. This, alone, would have been incentive enough to cause them to collect their treasures and dispatch them by boat and pack mule to a safe place. The simple fact that the Jesuits were *supposed* to be bounced without notice doesn't prove that they were.

As for the actual existence of treasure, that legend carries weight too. Scholarly treatises discounting Jesuit treasure are

often on the defensive. This may be because they are written by priests of the same order who somehow or other feel it unattractive for their 18th century brethren to have garnered wealth. The idea that Baja missionaries indulged themselves would seem ridiculous even today, and it's doubtful that the struggling Jesuits had either the equipment or the will to institute a mining industry in the wild, rugged mountains of Baja. But that their missions did not possess wealth, well, that's another story.

Unlike the Franciscan and Dominican orders which followed them in Baja, the Jesuits were not supported by the King of Spain. Rather, their missions were subsidized by a Pius Fund endowed by European patrons of wealth. Human nature hasn't changed to the degree that a patron supporting a monument to his family line, in the name of its patron saint, wouldn't want that monument to be a thing of pride and beauty. And yet, when the Franciscans took over from the Jesuits, where were the golden chalices, sacred vessels of gold, precious vestments, golden altars and other ecclesiastical paraphernalia described by Fr. Baegert in an early missionary report? Was it that the Jesuits felt their loyalty lay with the Jesuit order to whom these gifts had been presented rather than to the King of Spain? Could it have seemed more honorable to their donors to withdraw these goodies from the missions and tuck them away until such time as the Jesuits could return to see that they were properly used in the name of their benefactors? No dishonor would have been attached, were this the case.

But there is more. The King complained of the tight control the Jesuit hierarchy held over the mineral rich land of Pimeria Alta (northwestern Mexico and Arizona.) There were those who believed the Jesuits evaded the King's taxes and amassed great fortunes for themselves by trafficking gold from the Mexican mainland to the Baja peninsula on pearl ships; there to secret it in caves or, perhaps, in a hidden mission. These are the rumors



Old Jesuit map dated 1757. Aguage Santa Isabel is circled.

which put modern Jesuit historians on the defensive.

Until last year our own interest in the lost Santa Isabel mission was purely passive. Whether Jesuits hoarded treasure or not was immaterial to us. Then, during a period of exhaustive research for a series of articles on Baja (May to September, 1964,) one factor captured my imagination. In the few published inventories of mission goods turned over by the Jesuits to the newly arrived Franciscans, there was no mention of gold. Candlesticks, chalices, vessels, all churchly appointments described in these inventories were of silver. Now, considering the wealth of the Jesuits' European patrons, the wealth in

gold of certain Spanish colonies and the celebrated workmanship of Spanish goldsmiths, doesn't it seem unlikely that all precious gifts donated to win spiritual favor for those distinguished families would be executed in silver?

So what if the legend of the lost Santa Isabel mission were true, we asked ourselves. Where, on the desert side of that rugged spine called the San Pedro Martir would it be found? Here is where our interest grew more than academic.

On an old Jesuit map dated 1757, there is a point named *Aguage Santa Isabel*. The word *aguage*, translated, means "a place where ships go for water." We had just begun to get excited about this when

we ran across another early Spanish manuscript which described the San Pedro Martir below the port of San Felipe and then went on to say that "further to the south this range is called the Sierra Santa Isabel."

Now this is exciting. If you were going to hide something in a strange country and might not be around to retrieve it, you'd be inclined to name your hiding place after some landmark which would indicate to your future compatriots the nearest port. Since this particular mission, or storage place, was not established as a bargaining point to save any particular soul, what better name could have been given it than that of the nearest port or

entry? Santa Isabel on the Jesuit map is far enough north to avoid other gulf traffic from the mainland, as there were no settlements north of it, and directly opposite across the gulf lay the rich Jesuit hierarchy now known as Sonora.

If this spot were a watering place for ships, as its name implies, it would also have provided a convenient port of call for ships laden with churchly treasures camouflaged for delivery to Santa Maria, the last established Jesuit mission, which is located slightly south of Santa Isabel. And, if the Jesuits nourished any suspicions of their ultimate fate, this port would have suggested a remote harbor for future brethren to land to reclaim their loot. All in all, the Santa Isabel range located inland from the Santa Isabel point suggests a mighty hot spot to look for the Santa Isabel mission.

And that is why on a free, three-day

weekend we loaded our gear into a 4-wheel drive vehicle and headed for the Baja coast of the Gulf of California. Our time was too limited to institute a serious expedition, but long enough to judge the feasibility of the idea.

The road from the Mexicali border to the fishing village of San Felipe is paved. It passes from the marshlands of Laguna Salada into low mountains cut with arroyos, but it isn't until you leave the paved highway at San Felipe that you feel you're in country where anything might happen—even a lost mission. Here clubby elephant trees, giant cardon, red-tipped ocotillo whips and strange crawling cactus writhe and thrive across the land. The last outpost is the cantina at Puertecitas where fishing boats bob on buoys in the bay. After that the road grows grim and the surf falls far below steep cliffs. This is no road to travel by dark. At last

We surprised Raul Ortiz when we invaded his campsite in the dark of night. He'd been stranded here for three days and when we arrived was out of food and water.



The happy hunters of the Lost Santa Isabel mission established headquarters on a sandy beach.

it dropped down to the shore and we pulled off to set up a camp.

"Allo, Meester," a soft voice greeted us. Jack flashed his light into the face of a Mexican. The young man, an 18-year-old truck driver, lay in his sleeping bag behind a rocky ledge on the beach. His truck had broken down and he was waiting for a companion who'd hitched a ride to San Felipe to return with a part for the truck. He'd been waiting for three days and now was out of food and water. But it didn't worry him. "Always another truck comes along," he assured us.

We built a fire of driftwood gathered by our new friend, Raul Ortiz, and invited him to dinner. With the surf splashing in our ears, a soft breeze sweeping our faces and the pungent fragrance of the sea in our nostrils, the night passed fast. In the morning Raul taught our son Trent and his friend, Scott Barrett, how to dig in wet sand for bait, tie it to a cotton string and catch fish without a hook or pole. Then we left our camp in charge of Raul and embarked upon the most harrowing ride of my experience.

We've driven over much of Baja on expeditions with Erle Stanley Gardner, but there's no part of it so treacherous as the steep, twisted, sliced-off rut of a road from the beach where we camped until some eight precipitous hills later when the road finally settles down to sea level again. At the summit of several of these grades, where the only thing between



your rear bumper and ground is Eternity, are crude shrines built of stones. These are maintained by truck drivers who stop to light candles in memory of fellow drivers who didn't make it. Rusting evidence of these poor devils is visible several hundred feet below, if you dare open your eyes to look.

When we finally descended the last grade, we picnicked on a beautiful virgin beach, where three Mexicans were half-heartedly constructing a fishing cottage. This they hoped would someday miraculously spawn a lucrative resort. Orphan Island lay closely offshore. On the map of Baja California contained in Gerhard and Gulick's *Lower California Guidebook*, this island is designated as *El Huerfano*, but on some maps it's Gull Island. West of this point, toward a mountain peak named San Juan de Dios, is where we believe the legendary Santa Isabel mission will be found, if it exists at all.

In line with this theory, we turned into the first important wash we came to. Wild gourds grew among hunks of sandstone, but there was nothing else alive. Even bits of wood were petrified. Someone had lived here once, however. An abandoned well still gave water and further into the wash were rock cairns indicative of past mining interests. Soon we reached a cul de sac which marked the end of the canyon. Mountains rose in overlapping heights as far back as we could see, but to us this didn't feel like the place a wary priest would locate a secret mission. Nevertheless, it was challenging country and fulfilled our desire for adventure.

Because of the necessarily slow driving across the treacherous mountains, it was prudent to start back to camp earlier than we wished. On the return trek we crossed a wash which made us tingle. Wide and green on the bottom, lofty and

terraced on its sides, it contained both land for pasture, and an entry to the sea. The broad wash twisted out of sight in a northwesterly direction, so whether it ends below an escarpment which could have been disguised with a landslide, only a future trip will tell. But you have to start with something and this looks like a promising lead.

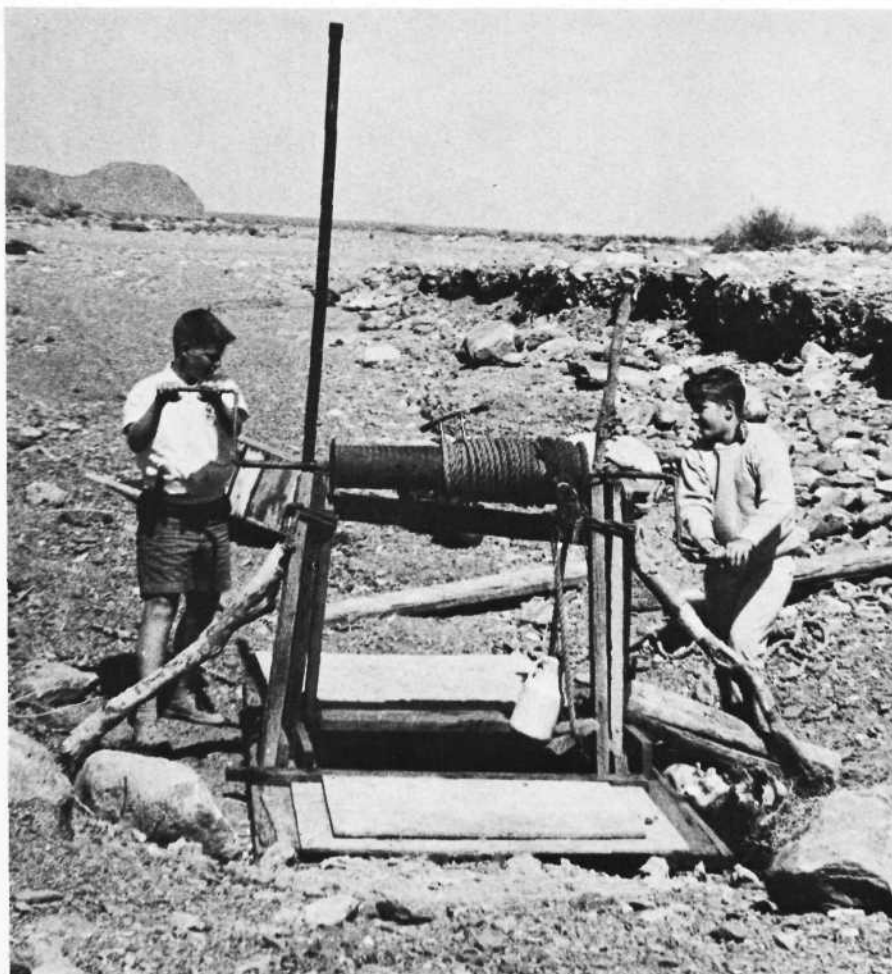
We have one other place marked for future investigation. On the old Jesuit map, the modern port of Puertecitos isn't designated. However, *Agnage Santa Isabel* lies slightly south of San Fermin, both between 31 and 32°. The old map is inaccurately scaled, and it could be that Puertecitos was originally Santa Isabel. There's a natural spring slightly north of this settlement and a broad wash runs inland in a southwesterly direction about midway between San Fermin, on current maps, and Puertecitos. We don't know what kind of terrain this wash leads into,

Mexican truck drivers are courteous, but consider yourself lucky if you make their acquaintance along a wide spot of road.





After the most harrowing ride of her experience, Marvel Barrett paid respects to a shrine atop the worst of the numerous summits. She wasn't taking any chances on insuring a safe return.



Trent and Scott found that abandoned well still worked.

but it couldn't be as bad as the treacherous hills you have to navigate to reach our other promising location.

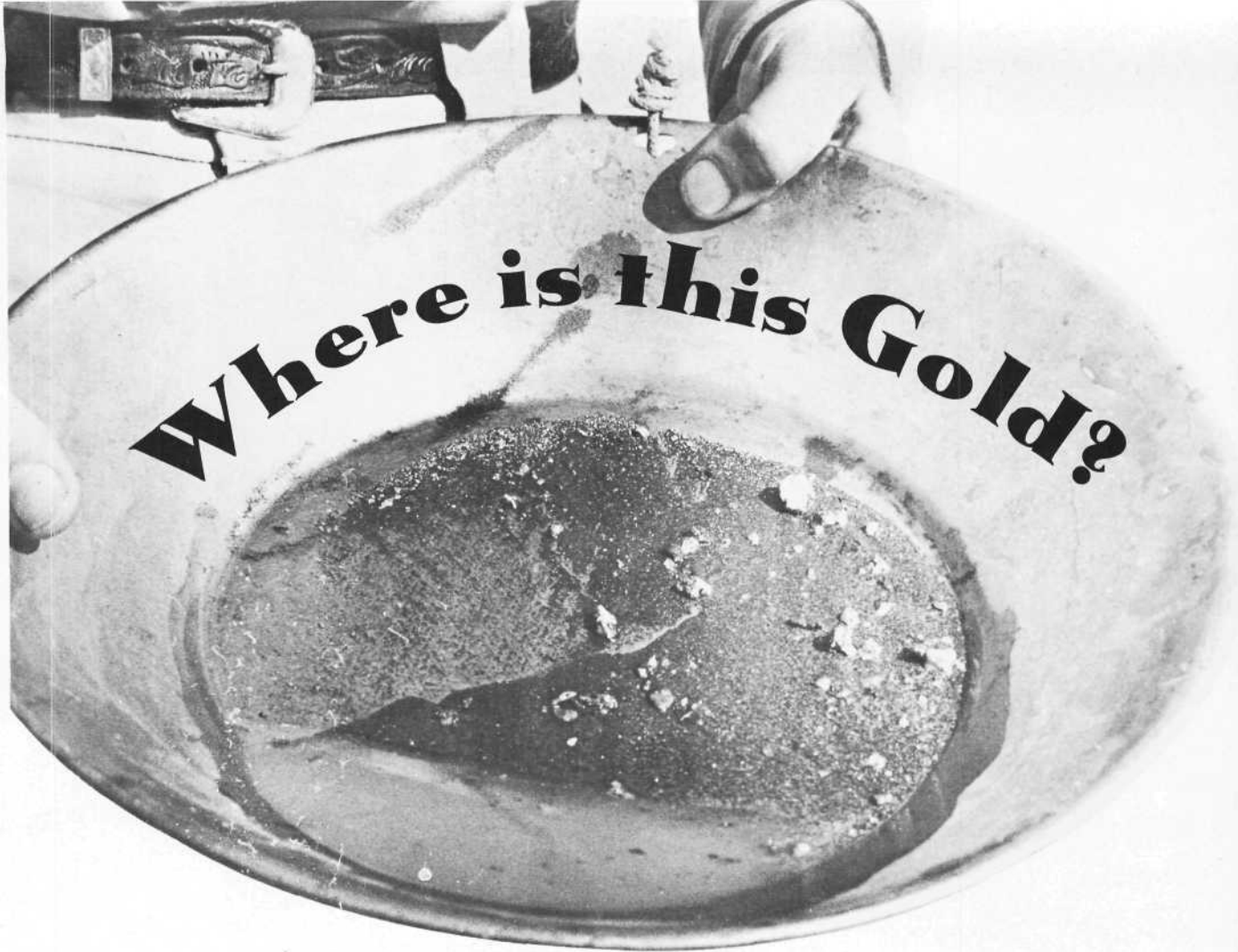
If you join this hunt, there are a few clues to consider. First, there must be a safe spot where a boat could have landed. This port must possess a level beach where pack mules could have been laden with treasures transported by sea from the other missions. Then, as the wash narrows into an inland pass, as it probably will to disguise the route, there must still be evidence of mule trails. In desert land these don't fade away. Then, once you come within a reasonable distance of the actual mission, there should be another broad area fed by springs or runoff where cattle could have grazed. This is important when you consider that horses and mules afforded the only land transportation for these early missionaries and their armies and they had to keep the animals alive for the return trip. Finally, adjacent to the environ of the buried mission, prickly pear cactus will probably grow in profusion. Having once been cultivated, this strain flourishes in startling abundance and without exception marks the sites of northern Baja missions, even after adobe walls and other signs of occupation have melted into Time.

On several occasions treasure hunters have claimed discovery of the San Isabel mission, but to date no one has produced the treasure. It's doubtful that these claims are valid. One of them turned out to be a forgotten *asistencia*, or resting place, along a mission trail, rather than the mission.

But whether or not you find it, there's fun in the seeking and certainly history is more palatable when accompanied with buried loot. So remember what we learned from Heinrich Schliemann and his discovery of Troy. It's wise to believe in everything, a little bit! □



Scott Barrett got buzzes on his detector, but this wasn't a likely location for the buried mission, so we pushed on without investigating.



**Here's a newly found and newly lost bonanza only four hours from
Los Angeles. Someone will be the lucky finder . . . and soon!**

by Jack Pepper

Publisher, DESERT Magazine

THERE'S A LOST bonanza only 125 miles from Los Angeles that could easily produce more than a half million dollars in gold. And it has only been lost for two years!

The general area of this lost placer mine is being revealed here for the first time. During its 29 years of publication, DESERT has carried articles about almost every lost mine in the West. Most of these have been "lost" for many years and their locations and exaggerated values handed down from one person to another. With these old mines, it's difficult to separate fact from fiction.

But this one is different. Not only was it lost just two years ago, but the man who found—and then lost it again—is very much alive and still trying to relocate the deposit himself.

All you need to find it is a good pair of legs, a topographic map, plenty of water, a simple gold pan and lots of luck. You can get near the area in a passenger car, but you can get closer to it in a 4-wheel-drive vehicle.

The area of the Lost Hungarian Mine—all lost mines should have a name, so this is the one I have chosen—is near the San Bernardino and Riverside County line just out of the Joshua Tree National Monument. It is near several now inactive mines; the best known is the Old Virginia Dale Mine. These mines have not produced for years.

Four weeks ago Mike Kovacs, a 42-year-old Los Angeles electronics technician, walked into the office and asked to speak to someone about a lost mine. Now out of the hundreds of people who visit DESERT every week, about a half dozen claim they know the location of one or more of the famous old lost mines. Some just want to talk, many want a grubstake,

others hope to see their name in print. We talk to all of them. By now we're fairly expert in evaluating both the story and its teller.

Mike Kovacs speaks with a guttural Hungarian accent. He has a warm smile, an easy manner and an intense interest in modern day prospecting. During the past 15 years he has prospected all the way from Brazil to California.

After talking for a few minutes, he went out to his car to get something he wanted to show us. He returned with a coffee can half-filled with gravel and a gold pan. He put a handful of the sandy gravel from the can into the gold pan and washed it with water. After swishing it around and pouring off the water, the bottom of the pan was covered with placer gold!

"That's awful rich," Mike said. "In my 15 years of prospecting I've never seen such a highly concentrated deposit." He estimated there was at least three

Mike digs sandy gravel from hole and then tests it in his portable dry washer. He checked some areas with his metal detector.



ounces of gold in the half filled coffee can. In reply to my question of how much more gold there was, Mike smiled sheepishly. He didn't know. He'd failed to mark the exact area where he found the contents of the coffee can. Here is Mike Kovacs' story:

Mike prospects as a hobby whenever he can get away from his business. He has a four-wheel-drive vehicle and a trail bike. With his wife and their German shepherd dog, he sets up a base camp and

then explores surrounding washes and canyons with his trail bike or on foot, keeping in radio contact every hour with his wife who stays at the base camp. Mike's methods are not haphazard. He has the most sensitive metal detector I've ever seen, which he built himself. Before going into an area he checks maps which indicate mines and mineral deposits and briefs himself on the type of minerals and how much was produced in the area. He is truly a modern prospector, using

all the latest techniques in searching for gold.

In March, 1964, Mike set up base camp in a rugged canyon outside the Joshua Tree National Monument. Following his usual procedure, he spent the day on his trail bike collecting gravel from the area. Only this time Mike forgot the roll of tape he conscientiously uses to label the locations from where he takes the gravel for each can. After taking specimens over an area of about four miles on both sides of the wash, he returned with three coffee cans full of gravel. He didn't have his portable dry washer then, and it was late, so he put the cans in the car and returned to Los Angeles. During the next six months he was extremely busy and the cans sat in his garage. Then came a day he decided to clean out the garage. In the process he came across the cans. He ran two through his dry washer and threw the gravel away. They showed nothing. The third can was loaded with gold!

It was the golden sand from this can that Mike showed me. He had returned to the area for one day each on three different occasions, trying desperately to remember where he'd found the rich deposit. Each time his search was fruitless—or rather, goldless.

I believed Mike Kovacs' story, but I wanted to see the area. On November 29 of this year, two weeks after Mike's first coming to the office, we spent a day in the area. As soon as we arrived I could see why Mike's previous visits had not produced results. The four mile area where he had dug up the gravel for his samples is as rugged as any country I've seen. Giant boulders and sharp rocks stray everywhere and the main wash is intersected with dozens of smaller washes. To find the exact location of the placer gold, even for Mike Kovacs, would take days and maybe even weeks of digging and sampling—that is, unless you are lucky and stumble onto it. After all, that's the way the Lost Pegleg bonanza was found.

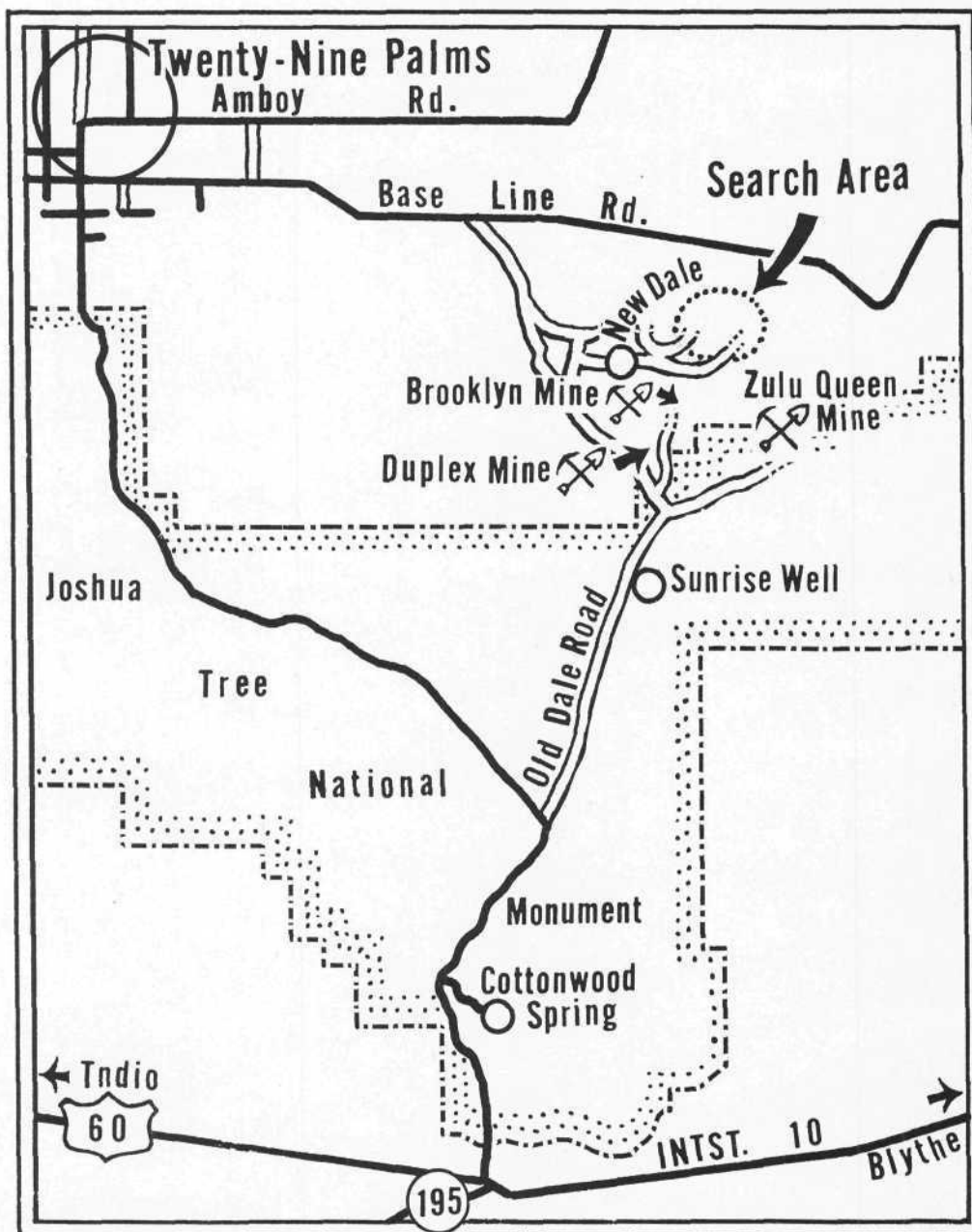
As Mike tried to remember back two years, he lamented he'd been riding his trail bike. If he'd been afoot he would have been concentrating on his locations rather than ruts. One thing was apparent from his sample. The gold was found in dark, reddish soil.

As we continued our digging and sampling, Mike said he had taken the specimens from the top of the ground using only a garden trowel. But, he theorized, sand could have blown over this area and



The author watches as Mike carefully pans for possible color. Since there is no water in the area it must be brought in for panning and drinking.

Map shows general location of the search area of the Hungarian's Lost Mine. It can be reached either from the Base Line Road (also called Twentynine Palms Highway) from Twentynine Palms or from the paved road going north through Joshua Tree National Monument from U.S. Highway 60, 24 miles from Indio. Persons looking for the area should obtain a San Bernardino County Map and a Dale Lake Quadrangle 15 Minute Series Topographic Map printed by the U.S. Dept. of Interior. On the topographic map the wash road leading to the area is shown as 1890 going past the New Dale Site. The area is within several hundred feet on both sides of the wash road between a point on the road north of the O.K. Mine on the south and the Iron Age Mine on the north.



made the deposits deeper. For this reason, a metal detector probably would not detect the placer gold, no matter how sensitive. "The placer must have washed down from one of the smaller washes," he said. "Once someone finds the float, then he could trace it back up the wash until it runs out. That's where the source is."

"Just how much gold do you think is here?" I asked.

"Impossible to say," he replied. "It could only be a small deposit, but this I do not believe because the amount in the can was so rich." He paused as he washed more soil in his gold pan. "It could be only a few thousand dollars, but then

again, if you found the source it could run into a 100,000—200,000 or even a half million dollars. This whole area is rich in minerals—so who knows?"

More than a dozen mines which produced vast quantities of gold and silver are in the general area, but these—the Virginia Dale, OK Mine, Iron Age and

Nigger Head Mine among them—have been inactive since the turn of the century.

Some smaller mines are still being worked and the owners have legitimate claims. These are posted and anyone going into those areas should not under any circumstances trespass on this posted property without permission from the owners. Many of these owners work only on weekends, so if there is no one in a posted area at the time you're there, it doesn't mean the mines are abandoned. Also, there is no prospecting nor digging in the Joshua Tree National Monument. If you just happen to run across a nugget there, leave it where you found it! The area of the Lost Hungarian Mine is outside the Monument, although you go through the Monument to reach it. As far as Mike and I could discover, there

are no posted claims in the four mile area where Mike did his prospecting. There are many holes, though, so if you take small children, keep a close watch on them. There is no water supply, so take plenty for both drinking and panning.

We both drove 4-wheel drive vehicles so were able to negotiate the rugged wash which Mike had ridden over on his trail bike when he first discovered the placer gold. The abandoned road up the wash is gutted with holes and extremely rough driving, even for 4-wheelers. We suggest that searchers establish a base camp at the bottom of the wash and do their exploration by foot or trail bike, carrying as much water as possible so gold panning can be done along both sides of the wash.

As we prepared to leave for home,

Mike was apologetic. "I'm sorry we didn't find the placer," he said. "but it's here. Someday we, or someone else, will find it—maybe tomorrow, maybe next month or maybe it will take years—but it's here for someone."

I produced bread and cheese and a bottle of wine. No one spoke for several minutes as we watched the sun set behind the dark red mountains. Finally I asked the question which had been bothering me ever since Mike Kovacs first told me about his discovery.

"Mike, there may be a lot of money involved here; money that would make it possible for you to spend the rest of your days exploring and prospecting. You stand a good chance of finding the gold again, and yet you are not keeping it a secret. Why do you want to tell others about it—it's just not natural?" Even when I finished asking the question, which was a necessary one before I could write this story, I felt embarrassed. I felt embarrassed because I believed Mike Kovacs and because Mike Kovacs is the kind of individual who is going to find a rich life regardless of whether it's with or without gold.

Mike slowly sipped his wine as he thought over my question. Late evening shadows intensified eerie rock formations around us. Stillness enveloped the canyon. This is the feeling I love about the desert—that of being lost in time and space.

"After escaping from Hungary during the Communist revolution, I opened a small radio shop in Brazil and prospected there for eight years," he began thoughtfully. "Then I came to the United States to learn about television. Here I met a girl from Germany and we were married. I lead a good life—and make a good living. I look for gold—and many times I find small amounts—not because of the money, but because I like to look—it is, what you call it?—a challenge to me.

"I have tried to find this gold again—maybe I would never find it. But if many people look, there is more chance. Then they will be able to help themselves. If I don't find it and someone else does, then I wish them good luck. Then I go look elsewhere—the gold is no good in the ground and maybe it will make somebody real happy—there's an awful lot of gold to find—"

So, if you're looking for the Lost Hungarian Mine and you meet a guy with a warm smile and a German shepherd dog, don't be afraid to ask him to help you look for Mike Kovacs' lost bonanza. It just might be he's looking for it too! □



The abandoned road up the wash into the search area is frequently washed out by rain and winds. Even 4-wheel vehicles should proceed with caution in this terrain.

Who hasn't harbored dreams of retiring to Old Mexico where prices are low and living is easy? Before you do, though, read what this American in Hermosillo has to say.

A Hot Time in Old Hermosillo

by Nancy Goddard



Sketches by Garret Price

AN OLD NATIVE-born Californian once toasted Phoenix as "the home of the hot summers, hot tamales, hot checks and red hot mamas." A year of residence in Phoenix preceded our move to Hermosillo, and partly prepared us for this capital city of the state of Sonora in the desert area of northwest Mexico.

From June through September insects invade, clothes cling and have to be changed as often as three times a day, shoes of the correct size pinch and are shed for huraches or barefooting. But for his field work with the United States

Department of Agriculture, my husband must continue to endure heavy boots for protection against cactus, rattlesnakes and scorpions. All footwear is inspected before wearing to turn out any deadly pest which bunked inside overnight.

Cameras, film, photographic equipment and athletic gear must be removed from cars after each use to prevent heat deterioration. Last summer my husband ruined a \$100 fiberglass bow by leaving it in his pick-up storage box overnight; even protected from direct rays of the sun, the glue melted, the laminations slipped, and the shaft broke on his next shot.

During our first summer in Hermosillo we braved frequent temperatures of 115-120 F. with only a small air-conditioner in one bedroom and a portable cooler for the rest of the house. Though many Mexicans and even a few foreigners manage with just old-fashioned electric fans or no electric aids at all, we succumbed to the lure of a second refrigeration unit for our second summer. Evaporative coolers are virtually useless during the high-humidity months of July and August.

Why no ducts for central air-conditioning in newly-built houses such as we rent?



One reason is scarcity of air-conditioners manufactured in Mexico. Another is the prohibitive duty on this type of apparatus imported from the United States. In addition, electric current was erratic until completion of gigantic Novillo Dam to the south on the Yaqui River, dedicated by ex-President Lopez Mateos in 1964. Furthermore, electric rates in the government-owned utility continue exorbitant, even exceeding our rent, one month.

Shortage of timber is a major handicap to building in Hermosillo. Mesquite, the only tree in abundant supply, is unsuitable for construction. Importation of lumber from other parts of the country brings a high-priced product of inferior quality, insufficiently cured. For doors and window frames it looks attractive in the beginning, but soon dries out, leaving cracks on all sides and sometimes down the middle. Despite difficulties, homes in the high-priced bracket, at least, are handsome and usually huge, since families of 10 to 12 children are commonplace.

Problems slack off as summer ends; the advent of winter is a merry time. Residents who have fled the fierce heat return, clubs and social contacts revive, sports and community events crowd the calendar, tourists pour in. Open to the public are polo games, state baseball series, a modern bowling alley featuring international

tournaments, symphony concerts, and little theater—all at minimum or no cost.

But winter, too, has its woes. Fireplaces are the chief source of heat in most homes, yet logs in a non-producing area bring premium prices. Charcoal, on which the poor depend for both cooking and heating, has recently been stiffly restricted in production by law. The oven in our kitchen burns most of the day and night, boosting butane bills. We entertain on all but the most formal occasions in the kitchen, which in Mexico is often the smallest room in the house. With electric heaters and heating pads for the bedrooms, utility bills rival those of the air-conditioned months.

Skin care is a major preoccupation year round. The brown-skinned Seri and Yaqui Indians are equipped by nature for the desert. But many Sonorans boast a distinct admixture of French blood from the days of Maximilian's army, or Anglo blood from proximity to the U. S. border. With these light-skinned Mexicanos, as with us Norte-americanos, drug stores do a phenomenal business in face creams and body lotions. I, for one, spend most of my time at home swathed in vaseline, like a long-distanced swimmer. Long sleeves, long pants, broad-brimmed hats, dark glasses and thick, protective sun lotions are prerequisites at the shore. Also a sharp eye.

One night, a year or so ago, we brought our kayak in after dark from an exciting but unsuccessful sea-turtle hunt in the Gulf of California. We had hoisted our boat to the top of the car when my husband noticed the flat tire. He hurriedly set about changing it, but the wheel sank further into the still hot sand each time he tried to jack it up.

By flashlight, I gathered driftwood to force under the wheel while my husband worked in the dark. As I surrendered a load of brush and the flashlight, it shone on a sidewinder, coiled and ready to strike from behind the flat. On the drive back to Kino Bay, we stopped to shoot five more sidewinders, or horned rattlers, in the dirt road. At Kino, we learned that we had camped at La Vibora (The Snake), a prime fish and turtle location which even the redoubtable Seris had abandoned to rattlers.

Nevertheless, the little beaches of Sonora are a big boon to an outdoor family such as ours. There are miles of them completely unoccupied, tiny nameless bays and coves with matchless scenery and ideal natural facilities for bathing, surf-fishing, boating, picnicking and beach-combing. The sea has a special siren sparkle when first glimpsed across a shimmering summer inferno of sand.

Waterbirds, enough for a life-time

The cathedral in Hermosillo seen from the Government Building.





Fruit and vegetables in native markets are incredibly beautiful.

study, wade and wing along the coast and estuaries. We have taught our son to recognize white and brown pelicans, large American and small snowy egrets, white ibises, wood storks, black-necked stilts, dowitchers, sandpipers and sanderlings. He has long excelled in identification of the various species of game birds such as ducks, geese, dove and quail.

The desert itself, in contrast to the beaches and irrigated areas, has its distinctive drawing power. Surprisingly to us, each month matures a fresh collection of blossoms, with March and April locally the most colorful. Scattered about, as if by the devil's careless housekeeper, is every fantastic form of cactus: prickly pear, cholla, saguaro, organ pipe, senita, night-blooming cereus, barrel, hedgehog and pincushion. Adding grace notes are such non-cacti as yucca, century plant, ocotillo, creosote and saltbush. Wild flowers range from belly-plant pink or purple sand-verbenas to the brilliant daisy-like brittlebush, reaching to three feet.

With the water from the Abelardo Rodriguez Dam, just east of the capital city limits on the Sonora River, the level areas to the west have opened to irrigation, enabling Sonora to produce 90% of Mexico's wheat. Cotton and citrus are also raised in great quantity and fine quality, in addition to beans, corn, potatoes and truck crops. Farther south near

the towns of Obregon and Navajoa, vast rice fields are winter havens for wild ducks and geese, as well as for hunters of same.

The miracle of irrigation has made the parks and gardens of desert Hermosillo into an oasis rivalling the lushest tropical jungles. Shocking pink hibiscus is a favorite shrub, trained along trellises and covered walks, or trimmed into shapes of baskets and birds. Four shades of bougainvillea: scarlet, purple, orange and white, often cascade over the same wall. Single and double poinsettias, as well as miniature ones, in the familiar flame or salmon pink, decorate yards at Christmas. Easter season finds the graceful, tall jacaranda tree parading delicate lavender flowers in its hair, in contrast to the vivid orange blossoms of the short, round Arbol-del-fuego (Tree-of-fire). The dazzling variety of roses cultivated in public and private gardens exceeds anything we have seen anywhere. Orange trees, unparalleled for ornamentation and odor, whether in fruit or flower, border streets and accent yards.

Shopping for fruit and vegetables is one of our greatest pleasures. The *vegetero* passes through our colonia each morning, his pushcart packed with the prize of the local crop, carefully culled for his favorite customers. Pineapples, mangoes, bananas, avocados and papaya jostle with tomatoes, onions, cabbage, beans, squash and its more exotic cousin, the green, prickly chayote. So tempting is the array that I often forget the extra care required to prepare some of them in a country where sanitation is still sub-standard. "Eat nothing you cannot peel or boil," the U.S. government advises its south-of-the-border employees. To minimize the risk from such items as lettuce and strawberries, we dissolve halazone tablets for a one-hour disinfectant soak.

In place of a newspaper route, local youngsters favor lime routes: there is a

constant procession to our door of brimming bags of this luscious, juicy, fragrant citrus which Mexicans have taught us to serve in and with everything from soup to dessert. Bicycles peddle from house to house with hot fresh tortillas several times a day. Staples such as tortillas or masa, the dough from which they are made, as well as posole (similar to hominy) may be bought at the corn mills.

The alimentary array in the municipal market never fails to delight our visitors or us. Located in a large, open, cement, warehouse-type building are a series of stalls where proprietors seem to vie for the most artistic, freshest and most colorful displays of food. Overhead are strung striped, woven shopping bags, wire baskets, feather dusters, assorted household utensils, pottery and pinatas.

Hermosillo is one of the few cities in Mexico which boasts a safe water supply, but for double security we boil all drinking water. The incidence of infection, especially of the intestinal type, and of hepatitis, continues high here. Pasteurization is not standardized, so we use powdered or canned milk. The University has recently purchased a fine dairy herd and promises a model pasteurization plant within a few months.

Unlike most states in Mexico, Sonora has an abundant supply of beef; however the choicest is often shipped to Mexico City. Dried beef yields one of the popular regional dishes, machaca, similar to our jerky of cowboy and frontier fame. A local company is the largest producer of poultry in Latin America. What must be the world's biggest and freshest eggs are sold by a French couple established near the airport.

A favorite Mexican maxim is *Con hambre no hay mal pan* (With hunger, there is no bad bread). We have found this applies not only to food for the stomach but also to food for thought. Hermosillo supplies both in hot, spicy variety. □

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The Old American Girl by Peter Odens

SOMEWHERE IN the Cargo Muchacho Mountains on the California side of the Colorado river, "10 miles from the Colorado and 10,000 miles from the Rhine" lies the old American Girl Mine. The description may be somewhat less than accurate, but then, Frank Sutherland who died about three years ago in an automobile accident, put it that way. Frank had lived a long and full life as a circus clown before moving into a shack near the old mill. Employed there as a caretaker, he enjoyed the fine climate of the Colorado desert, together with his dog and, as he claimed in a poem he had written, a talking mouse. Because Frank didn't want tourists disturbing his stillness he was not in the habit of giving accurate instructions on how to reach the old mine.

At one time containing 52 houses, a hospital, a school, a dining hall and a population of 300, the settlement was named after the Mexican president Alvaro Obregon. Between 1892 and 1939 the district produced close to a million dollars worth of gold. Perhaps destined to come to life again, three mines operated by Don Boger of San Bernardino,

Ely Violet and John Jebson of Yuma and John Trianti of Calexico are now producing, or are about to produce, other materials of value—mica and pyrophyllite. These mineral fillers are both members of the talc family, used as bases in paints, insecticides and plastics. During World War II, mica ranked among the top half dozen strategic materials because of its high insulating value.

Violet's mine has been in production for several years and mica is being shipped from there to points on the West coast. Jebson, with whom we drove into the Cargo Muchachos one Sunday, told us that his production is just about to begin. Indeed, long sheets of mica schist were spread out in front of his mill, ready for the final refining process and shipment of the first truckload.

"Only after the first shipment will we be able to find out what it's worth," Jebson told us, "but I think it'll run to about \$50 per ton."

Spanish explorers gave the Cargo Muchacho Mountains their colorful name. Centuries ago, while a group of them were camped here, their children amused themselves by imitating their gold search-

ing fathers. One day, it is said, two returned to camp carrying ore which was rich in gold. To commemorate the discovery, the Spaniards named the mountains Cargo Muchacho in honor of the boys.

Not until the latter part of the 19th century was gold mining pursued in the Cargo Muchachos with gratifying results. The American Girl Mine, first worked by the Obregon Mining Company and then by the O'Brien Mining Company, produced gold from low-grade ore until 1939 when the price of the gold produced (only about \$6 to \$7 per ton) combined with the high cost of mining forced its closure. When bankruptcy came and the mine went up for sale there was one lone bidder — Leah "Minnie" Eblen who, together with her husband, had run a restaurant near the mill. The Eblens bid \$600 and the mine was theirs.

Why had they bid \$600 for an abandoned mine? "One never knows," Minnie told us, when we recently visited her in Dome, Arizona. Sitting behind the counter in the restaurant which she now runs, Minnie opined that the American Girl Mine had made fortunes for many, but

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only a smattering for her. After the death of her husband five years ago she resold it to Boger for a cool \$10,000!

Not much is left today of the old town of Obregon. There are a few adobe houses, foundations of the mill, several small pumps and a few ore wagons. An 800-foot shaft extends into the mountain in the very center of the mill area.

"You should have seen my teen-agers," Boger laughed, "When I first took them here, they wanted to investigate the shaft. Went right in, too, and were not bothered when they saw the sign, 'Careful, poison gas!' Then they went on down and came to the next sign which warned them of potential cave-ins. Didn't faze them a bit. But when they saw the third sign, 'Careful—snakes!', believe me they came running back to me in a hurry."

We asked if there was an old cemetery in the valley but Boger shook his head. "Not that I know of. No cemetery and no saloons. Miners would go down to Glamis to get drunk. But there's one group of graves—come, I'll show you."

We walked about a 100 yards back toward civilization when we found them—five graves, two of them full-size, the others getting progressively smaller, the fifth and last one being just a tiny grave behind a large ironwood tree. "Five people—father, mother and three children," Boger said, "died here in the '30s."

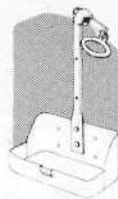
Apparently they were Mexican wet-backs, Boger explained. The father was a worker in the mine. One day the mother prepared boiled cabbage and kept the leftovers in an iron kettle. The following day she warmed it up for supper and one by one the children died. At last, the parents also succumbed.

"I think it was botulism," Boger explained, "it caused some kind of respiratory paralysis." The Mexicans were buried on the spot, he continued, because it would have been too costly to have the bodies removed. As for the names, they were not put into any book of records because the family had been illegal entrants.



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We stood a moment before the five white crosses, each one smaller than the other, a pathetic sight, and then silently walked back to the mill.

From up on the hill where the foundations of the mill of the American Girl Mine stand there's a magnificent view of the little valley. Beside the old mine shaft

we found a blueprint of the Obregon Mining Company. It was tattered and faded, but its scale drawings indicated the ambitions of yesterday. We wondered, would the efforts of today's mica speculators revive the energetic activity of long ago? □

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Hints for Desert Travelers

by Bruce Barron

First in a series of articles about desert traveling and camping.

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE the desert. For the greenhorn it can be fierce. But for the prudent traveler, desert backcountry is about the only country left where winter campers can find adventure and escape having to camp in "designated areas". Here is a check list which should be observed before you leave the highways.

Your Vehicle:

Be sure your vehicle is in good operating condition. If your car is an older model, give special attention to radiator hoses, fan belt, battery and ignition. Check oil level in transmission and differential as well as crankcase. Some old-timers still flush radiators and refill them with fresh water (for drinking in case of emergency). If venturing far, carry extra gasoline and water in spillproof cans. Be sure your spare tire is inflated and the jack and lug wrench are aboard.

Your Clothes:

The desert can be fickle. Winter temperatures (and often nighttime) can be bitterly cold; mid-summer heat stifling; sharp windstorms biting. Select your wardrobe accordingly. Boots, hat and sunglasses are a must for hiking.

Assistance on the Way

Your Camping and Picnic Gear:

A light tarp offers protection from sun, wind or rain. Be sure your grubstake is adequate. The desert puts a keen edge on appetites. Extra cans of fruit juice or soda pop will supplement your water supply. A small camp axe and shovel will be handy for that evening campfire, or for digging out of a sand trap. Don't forget a first aid kit and manual and sun-burn lotion. For litterbugs, old burlap bags work fine. Save space by flattening cans and don't bury them. Coyotes just dig them up. Haul them home or dump them at a disposal area.

When going into extremely remote areas, it is wise to join a caravan or form a little "safari" with friends so you can help each other in case of a breakdown. If venturing alone, however, don't tempt fate. Let someone know where you are going and when you'll be back. If you have automobile trouble, don't try to hike out. Stay with your vehicle. Helicopters and motorized search and rescue crews can do a speedy job of locating you if you stay near your vehicle.

By observing these precautions, you'll safely discover and enjoy the bountiful rewards of those who venture into the mystical desert. □

Sketch by Scott Darragh



Masonic, California

BY LAMBERT FLORIN



MASONIC WAS once a thriving, roistering gold camp barely in California, as the Nevada border was only a short distance away. These facts don't make Masonic unique. Wild gold mining towns roared by the dozens before the turn of the century and were strung like beads along the Nevada-California border. Masonic's main claim to distinction is that, like Gaul, it was divided into three parts. Inevitably each section required separate identification, becoming known in sequence, as Lower, Middle and Upper Town.

The big camps of Lundy, Bodie and Aurora were already fading when Joseph Green, hardly old enough to be on his

own, found a rich ledge of gold in a canyon some 12 miles northeast of Bridgeport. The deposit became known as the Jump Up Joe mine, but Joe didn't have the necessary capital to develop his discovery, so he was happy when Warren Loose of Bodie came along and offered him a good price for it. Presumably, Green spent the money in the usual wild fling. At any rate, he disappeared from history at this point.

A couple of years later several other ledges were located, most promising of these being found by partners J. M. Bryan, Caleb Dorsey and J. S. Philips of Pittsburg. Their discovery was on the Fourth of July, 1902 so the finders

A monthly feature by
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Ghost Town Album,
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named their claim the Pittsburg Liberty. By 1904 they decided there was enough gold available to justify the building of a cyanide mill to refine their ore and that of the Jump Up Joe. Completed, the new mill started operations with a payroll of 50 men. In no time Masonic, so far limited to what became Middle Town, had a postoffice, a store, tiny hotel, rooming and boarding houses and two saloons.

Prospectors soon found other gold outcroppings above and below the original settlement. Each of these acquired a cluster of cabins, but residents depended on Middle Town for supplies and, far more important, liquor and entertainment. By far the biggest producer among the several mines in these appending suburbs, separated by a half mile of sagebrush and dusty road, was the Chemung. Full production of this promising mine was curtailed by endless bitter legal tangles, litigation retarding development right up until the time gold mining ceased to be profitable for any mine. Ella Cain, matriarch of Mono County, claims that a vast potential of the yellow metal in the steep canyon that holds the ruins of Masonic awaits only an advance in the price of gold—a rather forlorn hope!

All three Masonics today are long deserted. The postoffice is a board and batten shack, windowless but with a frame that still slides back and forth. Through this opening was passed the mail to a waiting line of miners. The mill is a complete ruin. Tramway cables sag across the road. There are many cabins still standing and beautiful campgrounds are available to those who carry their own water. The several fine springs in the canyon are fouled by bands of sheep passing through on the way to pasture. □

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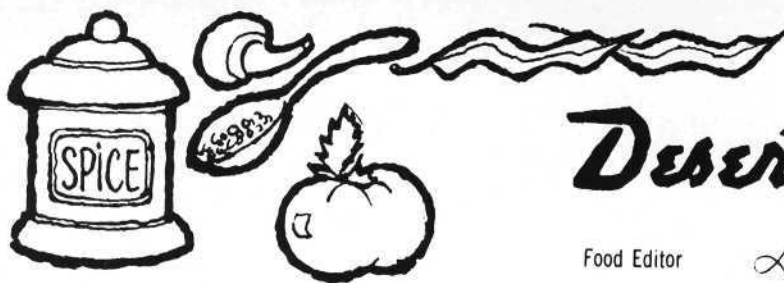
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"YESTERDAY YOU DISGRACED YOURSELF IN BATTLE, SO TODAY YOU STAY BEHIND WITH THE WOMEN."



Desert COOKERY

Food Editor

Lucille Inedale Carlson

HOT STUFFED BUNS

Combine 1 can of shrimp or crabmeat, 3 hard cooked eggs and 1 cup finely cut celery with enough mayonnaise to moisten. Cut wiener buns in half lengthwise and gently pull out soft center. Pile fish mixture into shells. Place a thin strip of cheese over each bun and $\frac{1}{2}$ slice of bacon over the cheese. Place under broiler and broil until cheese is melted and bacon crisp.

INDIVIDUAL SANDWICH LOAVES

Slices of bread cut into rounds with cookie cutter.

Olive pimento Cheese Spread

Sliced tomatoes.

Mayonnaise

Philadelphia Cream Cheese

Cover a round of bread with the Olive Pimento Spread. Place over this another slice of bread, and spread with mayonnaise. Cover with a thin slice of peeled tomato. Place top round of bread on top of this. Soften cream cheese with a little milk to make it spreading consistency and frost little loaf with this. Put a sprig of watercress on top to garnish.

SANDWICH FRENCH LOAF

- 1 loaf French bread
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup salad dressing, sandwich spread or mayonnaise
- 1 7-oz. can tuna or salmon
- 1 cup finely cut celery
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice

Salt and pepper to taste

Cut slice from top of bread loaf, and scoop out center leaving a 2-inch shell. Fill shell with tuna mixture putting a thin layer of mayonnaise over top. Place in 375 degree oven for about 20 minutes or until heated through.

HOT CORNED BEEF SNACKS

- 1 4-oz. package of pressed corned beef

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped ripe olives

1 teaspoon minced onion

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup shredded American cheese

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Chop corned beef fine and blend with other ingredients. Spread on rye bread and put under broiler until cheese melts.

SARDINE SANDWICHES

Place a layer of Norwegian sardines on a slice of buttered bread. Cover with a layer of Bermuda onions sliced paper-thin. Place another slice of bread on top. Very good.

BACON and CHEESE SANDWICH

Cook slices of thin bacon until well done. Drain. Toast one side of a slice of bread for each sandwich required. On the untoasted side place the bacon strips. Over this cover with a layer of thinly cut cheddar cheese. Place this under broiler until cheese is melted and bubbly.

BAKED BEAN SANDWICH

- 1 cup baked beans

2 teaspoons chives, finely chopped, (you may use the frozen ones.)

1 teaspoon parsley finely chopped

$1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons salad oil

Lemon juice to taste

Mash beans to a smooth paste; add chives, parsley and oil. Mix in lemon juice to taste and if you like it, a little tabasco. Chill and serve between slices of thin whole wheat bread.

HOT and TASTY

- 1 cup baked beans

2 tablespoons chili sauce

Thinly sliced bread

Slices of bacon

Season beans with chili sauce and mash slightly. Cut crusts from bread and spread with bean mixture; roll up jelly roll fashion. Wrap slice of thin bacon around it and fasten with a tooth pick. Toast under broiler until bacon is crisp. If you wish to use these as appetizers, cut in small crosswise slices, and serve on cocktail picks.

CRAB MEAT OPEN FACED SANDWICH

- 1 can crabmeat

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise

1 teaspoon horse radish

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon prepared mustard

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

1 tablespoon lemon juice

Flake crab meat, removing cartilage. Combine crab, mayonnaise, horse radish, Worcestershire sauce and lemon juice. Chill well. Spread on thin sandwich bread or toast. Garnish with a slice of stuffed olive.

CHEESE and FRUIT SANDWICHES

Toast bread on one side. Place sliced cheese to cover on untoasted side. Place under broiler until cheese is slightly melted. Remove from oven and top with hot cooked apple slices. Sprinkle with bacon crumbs and serve.

Another good cheese fruit mixture is: Toast bread on one side. Place a slice of drained pineapple on untoasted side and top with a slice of Cheddar cheese. Broil until cheese is slightly melted.

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Letters requesting answers must include stamped self-addressed envelope

Caine's Codex Clarified . . .

To the Editor: In the early '30s a friend showed us a snapshot he'd taken of an engraving like the Codex Boturini one in Ralph Caine's article, *Is This Aztlan?*, in the December issue of DESERT. Our friend's photograph was taken somewhere in the Fish Creek area. He said it was two-thirds up on a high, steep wall of sand-stone. It may be visible still and would indicate that Mr. Caine's theory about Aztlan being in Southern California's Superstition Mts. is right.

JOHN S. RITCHIE,
P.O. Santa Ysabel, California

Reader Request . . .

To DESERT Readers: In the December issue (Sonora Holiday) we wrote that Joe Hensen who, with Dr. James Birch, operates a sort of clinic for the Yaqui Indians near Obregon, Sonora, is desperate for an old microscope. A reader offered to bring one in Thanksgiving Day, but he didn't show up, probably because of the floods. If anyone else has one to donate to the cause, please let us know. Hensen tells us he could also use a sterilizer, if one of our doctor readers has an old one. They have a generator out there, of sorts, so do have power. C. P.

Happy Reader . . .

To the Editor: In your Aug.-Sept. double issue there was an article describing six locations in Arizona where rock and gem material was to be found. On a recent trip, using the article as a field guide, we visited four of these sites and were delighted to find that directions, description of landmarks, and description of the materials were so accurate that as raw beginners we were able to bring home a good supply of specimens, including about 30 lbs. of Apache tears (for a party of three).

Thanks for a fine enjoyable article and for helping some would-be pebble pups to discover a fascinating hobby.

O. F. HAWLEY,
San Diego, California

Green-Skinned Kentuckian . . .

To the Editor: I read William Klette's article on Jimson Weed with a great deal of interest. One use which he did not mention (and I wonder if he knows)—in Kentucky where I grew up, the common remedy for poison ivy is to crush the leaves and rub on the poison ivy blisters. Of course, it imparts a distinct color to the skin and I can remember many summers around the Kentucky River beaches where green arms and legs were a common sight.

HARRYETTE R. SOSBEE,
Riverside, California

Addicted to the Bottle . . .

To the Editor: As neophyte bottle addicts—the kind that collect antique empties—we have a problem. How do you clean the rust out of a beautiful old bottle? I'm sure that others have the same problem. Can you help?

MRS. ALLEN J. HUTTER,
Riverside, California

Easter Trip . . .

To the Editor: Your story in the December issue on Alamos in Sonora, Mexico was wonderful. I lived there for six months. Readers who can't make it for Christmas might like to know that Easter is another good time to visit there. The Mayo Indians have their festival then and it is even more colorful than the Christmas posada.

LARRY ROBINSON,
Cima, California

Pegleg Mine Location . . .

To the Editor: Now that the Peg-leg Mine has been found, everybody is telling everybody else where it is. This is quite funny, since nobody could find it before. From the author's statement, he knew of the mine after reading an article written by the late Henry E. Wilson in a 1946 issue of DESERT. Henry spent a lifetime seeking that mine and interviewed many people closely connected with it—Tom Cover's wife, Bill Russell, Fred Wilson who ran the Wilson's Store below Warners Ranch, where the Half Breed traded. He knew Jim Green, Fig Tree John Razon, and many, many more.

Now, as long as the mine has been found, I can give the area where I hunted with Henry E. Wilson. Whether we were right or wrong, Henry is long since gone, while I have other interests and never get out to the desert any more. I am going to put down a location and maybe the mystery man who has found the mine will tell me if I am right or wrong: South of 17 Palms; north of the Convict Road (Highway 78), west of Highway 99; east of San Felipe Creek where it runs in a north and south direction before it hits Carrizo Wash. One more bit, the road the man spoke of in his story winds up at Bensons Dry Lake, but it crosses San Felipe Creek. It is north of this road.

As to his story, I believe it. I sure wish he'd let us know if the above location is right.

RAY SPEARS,
Pleasanton, California

Warner Ranch Road . . .

To the Editor: Your November issue of the DESERT Magazine published a story about Warner Ranch. My husband, F. Valle Mitchell, disagrees with the story and pictures. The picture of the Kimball House is O.K., but the picture of the Kimball & Lockhart building is incorrect. He has the original picture of the Kimball & Lockhart adobe and stage depot. The stage depot was not the ranch house. It was located 1½ miles south of the Warner ranch house. It was a frame building. It is not standing now and hasn't been for many years. He has proof of this by the grown children of the people who ran the stage depot, who were there during and after the Butterfield Stage was in operation. The old stage road didn't pass by the ranch house. It went across the creek to the right, about ½ mile south. The old road can still be seen. The graveyard where the people who were hung were buried, is on a knoll above the Wilson adobe.

MRS. F. VALLE MITCHELL,
Ramona, California

To Gold Brick Finder . . .

To the Editor: Anonymous from Bellflower can run a very simple test on the gold bar he found with 25c worth of nitric acid. File off about one half teaspoon of metal, put this in a glass vessel with a half and half solution of water and nitric acid, heat gently until all bubbling stops. If this metal is pure gold, nothing will happen, if it contains gold, copper, lead or silver these will be dissolved and any gold present will be in the bottom of the vessel in a black precipitate. If any copper is present, the solution will be green.

Pour off clear solution and add a little common table salt. If lead or silver are present they will be thrown down in a chloride that looks like cottage cheese. Put this curd on a piece of white blotting paper or kleenex and expose to the sun. If lead, it will remain white; if silver, it will turn black. Any color in between signifies a percentage of both. Remember, any black stuff in the first vessel is gold, or platinum.

By the looks of this bar it must weigh nearly 100 lbs., but unless it is pure lead, rest assured it was not poured in a bread pan. This bar is the exact shape of the regular cast iron pouring moulds used by all precious metal smelters. If this bar came from the old Trigo mountain smelters, it's mostly lead with some silver; if it came from Fortuna, it's almost pure gold. If it came from the old Tumco smelter, it's gold and copper with a little lead and silver. But what ever it is (unless lead), it had to be melted in a smelter. Nothing else would get gold or silver hot enough to pour that smooth. This much heat would burn up a bread pan.

FRANK HARRIS,
Bard, California

Rare Fish . . .

To the Editor: In reference to your article "Lake Mead's New Scenic Route" in the December issue, several more interesting things can be said about Rogers Spring and the fish found there. I do not know for whom Rogers Spring was named, but it was not for the man who raised tropical fish there. The fish farm was located about a mile northeast of Rogers Spring at Blue Point Spring. The man who operated the tropical fish farm was Mr. Lyle McDonald who lived in Overton. His fish venture lasted about two years and I personally inspected this site in 1954.

In a recent article in Copeia (Journal of the Am. Soc. of Ichthyologists and Herpetologists) for June, 1964, there is reference to Rogers Spring containing Black Mollies and Convict Cichlids, both tropical fish which have been introduced there. The introduction of any foreign fish into the native waters of Nevada is illegal, as many of the fish-containing springs in the southeastern part of the state have fish which are endemic to their particular spring. The introduction of foreign fish to these springs jeopardizes the status of these native fish to a point where many now border on extinction.

By the way, has anyone recently reported anything about the little Fairy Shrimp which is found in the Valley of Fire? This shrimp is really a Soda shrimp and appears in the spring after heavy rainfall in a small cave near the camp at the Valley of Fire. As far as I know, the nearest relative to this small shrimp is found in Mono Lake. We found this shrimp in abundance in 1954 where we were told by some of the natives in Overton that there was a "Canteen Fish" in the Valley of Fire.

JOHN A. KOPEC,
La Puente, California



TRAVEL GUIDES

PLUS OTHER

Fascinating Articles on the West

The back issues of DESERT MAGAZINE are as alive today as the day they were printed. Packed with information and detailed maps on out-of-the-way places of the West, the articles are also historically informative for both adults and students. Here are 35 back issues to enrich, enlighten and entertain you and your friends.

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AUGUST—Henderson: "Devil's Canyon in Baja" Murbarger: "Virgin Valley Opal"

1956

JULY—Henderson: "Boating Lodore Canyon" Weight: "Chocolate Mountain Petrified Palm"

AUGUST—Weight: "Gem Rock in Ship Mountains" Wing: "Boating Little Colorado River"

SEPTEMBER—Kenyon: "Anza's Sandstone Canyon" Weight: "Agate in the Silver Peaks"

OCTOBER — Weight: "Superstition Mountain Treasure" Page: "Mine with the Iron Door"

DECEMBER — Tinker: "Baboquivari Valley" Taylor: "Gila Range Chalcedony"

1957

JANUARY — Henderson: "Trail to Chuckawalla Springs" Weight: "Little Horn Gold"

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JULY — Sperry: "Yellow Cat Gems" Murbarger: "New Mexico Back-Country Tour"

AUGUST—Henderson: "Mystery Valley" Muench: "Ancient Cliff-house"

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1958

JULY — Ward: "Mojave Back Road" Jaeger: "Amargosa River"

DECEMBER — Murbarger: "Jarbridge Agate Ledge" Henderson: "Boating Glen Canyon"

1960

FEBRUARY — Rigby: "Honanki and Palatki" Auer: "The Historic Huecos"

MARCH — Appleby: "Road to Sahuaripa" Jaeger: "Miracle of Wild-flowers"

APRIL — Jenkins: "Dirty Sock Spa" Ransom: "Socorro Chrysocolla"

1961

AUGUST — Ford: "Pinyon Ridge" Conrotto: "Hole in the Rock Trail"

SEPTEMBER—Vargas "Six Gem fields in Western Arizona"

OCTOBER — Murbarger: "Camper's Tour of Mexico" Jensen: "Utah's Markagunt"

NOVEMBER — Ford: "Borrego Badlands" Heald: "Pena Blanca Lake"

1962

JANUARY — Heald: "Phoenix Desert Parks" Weight: "Colorado River Marinaland"

FEBRUARY—Polzer: "Kino's Shrines" Harrington: "Southwest Caves"

JULY — Staff: "Salton Sea's Mullet Island" Trego: "Nevada Fourth of July"

1963

APRIL — Special Utah Issue

MAY — Boone: "Rawhide, Nevada" Bailey: "Llano's Withered Dream"

JUNE — Eastland: "Mojave Desert Camp" Hughes: "Cohab Canyon"

JULY — Bailey: "Burning Moscow Mine" Odens: "Earp, The Town and the Man"

AUGUST — Price: "Utah's Canyons by Bus" Pepper: "Mines, Minnows and Marinas"

SEPTEMBER — Special Travel Issue on Nevada

OCTOBER — Dunn: "Treasures of the Badlands" Doyle: "Chia"

NOVEMBER—Gardner: "The Desert is Yours" Pepper: "Petroglyphs, the Unsolved Mystery"

DECEMBER—Gardner: "New Scheme for Lost Arch Mine"

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